

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.—AN AMATEUR'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT TOBOGGIN-STEERING.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 391.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

THE MORMON EVIL.

THE Anti-Mormon Bill reported from the Judiciary Committee of the Senate indicates a determination to strike a vigorous blow at the "religion of barbarism" which has taken possession of Utah. To be effective, the attack must be vigorous and unflinching. This baleful growth of the Far East has taken such firm root in the rich soil of the West, that nothing but the most radical treatment can weed it out. It was introduced among the Mormons forty years ago. It has in their minds the sanction of a divine revelation, and has been fostered by human passion and enforced by religious obligations. It has become interwoven with the fibres of domestic life; it is supported by public revenues, and by the force of ecclesiastical organization. Any such institution built on such foundations and permitted to stand so long can only be overthrown by force.

This Bill applies the whole force of the Federal Government and directs it to the vital parts of the evil system. It is much more stringent than the Edmunds Bill, for it not only provides complete legal machinery for punishing polygamy as a crime, but annuls the Territorial laws by which the political machinery has been so managed as to thwart all efforts to extirpate it. And more than this, it boldly attacks the corporate existence of the so-called "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," and provides for the appointment by the President, with the consent of the Senate, of fourteen trustees of that corporation, for two years, to report annually to the Secretary of the Interior as to its property, business affairs and operations. And it directs the Attorney-general of the United States to institute proceedings to forfeit and escheat the property of corporations obtained or held in violation of the Act of July 1st, 1882, for the benefit of common schools in the Territory, and provides for the annulment of all laws creating the "Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company," and for the dissolution of that corporation and the application of its assets in excess of its debts for the benefit of common schools. It provides also for a registration and election board of five members, to be appointed by the President, of which the Secretary of the Treasury shall be the secretary, with wide powers as to receiving, canvassing and returning votes, and issuing certificates of election of members of the Assembly.

The Bill contains eighteen sections, and we have space only to indicate its general scope. This is certainly heroic treatment of a great national evil—as thorough and bold as the measures of Cromwell in attacking what he deemed the royal and ecclesiastical wrongs of his time. But it will meet with popular approval, for it is the general sentiment of the people that this incongruous element of polygamy, which belongs to the East, and has never thrived in any Christian country, must not be suffered to take permanent hold of any part of the soil of the United States. Greece and Rome never tolerated it, and modern civilization could not have existed with it. It has always been abhorrent to the nations from which we derive our origin. In the time of Edward I. it was among the capital crimes, and a statute of James I. made it punishable with death. In the time of George III. the punishment was reduced to imprisonment or transportation for seven years. By the laws of ancient and modern Sweden the penalty is death. In all the countries of Western Europe, and in the United States, it is regarded as a crime which must be extirpated for the safety of society and the advancement of civilization. Apart from religious considerations, we thoroughly believe in the force of the utilitarian arguments, that the fact that the number of males and females are nearly equal indicates monogamy as the natural state of civilized man; that the government of the family can never be sustained under any other form of marriage; and that in no other form can woman attain her true position, which is essential to the welfare of the State.

We saw this alien institution take root in one of the most fertile portions of our country, but we vaguely thought it would die out as unfitted for the soil. But it did not die out. On the contrary, it flourished as if it were indigenous. We have watched its growth with perplexed astonishment, and have made feeble and spasmodic attempts to cut it down. But still it grows, and exhibits the vitality so often shown by noxious things in the physical and moral world. The public mind has now been thoroughly awakened, and the time has come when it must be uprooted at any cost. The measures contemplated by this Bill may seem cruel and inconsistent with

our ideas of popular liberty, but the case is exceptional. This is a cancer on the body politic which will spread and prove fatal unless it is soon cut out and thoroughly cauterized. Let us try this, or some such heroic remedy, hoping that the poison has not spread too far for a complete and permanent cure.

THE PROGRESS OF CHARITY.

MORAL progress is keeping step with material progress—this is one of the hopeful and healthful signs of the time. If there is less church going than there was a hundred years ago, if ministers of the Gospel are held less in awe, if the theory of evolution gains adherents, still it remains true that the world is not becoming more and more depraved. Men never interested themselves in each other's welfare as much as they do in this last quarter of the nineteenth century. The progress of invention during these fifty years is not more wonderful than the growth of charitable institutions.

The Seventeenth Annual Report of the New York State Board of Charities makes a showing calculated to gratify the pride of any citizen. The number of the report, "seventeenth," indicates how very recently the Board was organized, and the contents of it show what an amazing advance has been made from year to year in the care of the poor, the disabled and the demented. The Board has been instituted since the Civil War closed, and it may be added that half of the charitable institutions of the State have had their origin within the same short period. The war engendered a feeling of sympathy for the suffering which, when the sick and wounded soldiers needed nursing no longer, spent its energy in other kindred mercies, and built up all over the North clustering asylums—a refuge for want and a relief for every form of human ailment.

There were 638 more insane people cared for by the State last year than the year before—an increase of six per cent.—a sign of vastly increasing dementia, as some people reason, showing that the whole population of the State will be raving crazy in a few years. But in reality it merely indicates the deepening and broadening of the tides of human feeling—in other words, that more of the needy are gathered up and cared for. Thousands still living can remember when an insane asylum was "a new wrinkle" which many conservative people opposed as a foolish expense, and when lunatics wandered around through the country without keepers and without care, avoided and supposed to be more or less possessed of devils.

The number of juvenile delinquents in reformatories for 1883 was 4,390, against 4,286 the year previous—a sign, not of increase in their number, but increase in their care. The number of paupers in almshouses was 65,983, against 58,351 the preceding year. Of orphan asylums and homes for the friendless in the State there are 184, and the number has doubled in the last twenty years. Of public hospitals there are 57, and the patients last year numbered 30,774, against 27,580 the year before, an increase of ten per cent. in public solicitude and tenderness.

Corporate charity is no doubt the most sensible method of relieving want. In spite of the ridicule and odium which the gentle Charles Dickens mistakenly cast upon it in "The Christmas Carol" and "Hard Times," the most effective way to minister to the suffering poor is through the hand of the State. If that genial author could see how much laziness has been caused and how much depravity has been promoted by the impulsive hand of promiscuous charity to street beggars, he would wish to rewrite some of his sarcastic chapters.

Charles Lamb said, "Be not frightened at the hard words 'imposition,' 'imposture'; give, and ask no questions"; but Lamb was one of the least judicious of men. Massillon cried, in one of his sermons, "True charity is not methodical. I would have none of that rigid, circumspect charity, which is never done without scrutiny." But Massillon died when the world was in its intellectual childhood.

By impulsive and ill considered charity, which gives to satisfy a vague moral vanity, and to get rid of the importunate, thieves are kept in luxury. It is preposterous that credulity should make it possible for impudent swindlers to rob in the name of charity, like those precious footpads who recently got money from General Grant and scores of other prominent citizens on the pretense that it was for an Irish Benevolent Society; but there are hundreds, probably thousands, who, under a little more plausible disguise, are obtaining their living in New York city to-day, and have been for the last score of years. The last thing that people remember is that nobody has any business to be at the head of a charity except those in independent circumstances whose motive cannot be doubtful.

The organization of Associated Charities of this city should go far to cut off the

revenue of the plausible rascals who plunder the public in the sacred name of charity, but it is doubtful if they prove altogether effective. There are men with a downcast and deprecatory air and no visible means of support, and women of fair forms who have been handsome in their day, who constantly badger the merchants up and down Broadway in behalf of some eccentric charity, the invention of their own brain, and who use for their own comfortable sustenance four-fifths of the money they collect. Will they let go their means of livelihood, and pass their scheme under the control of the Associated Charities? Not unless they are compelled to do so. And this will happen only when the credulous become incredulous and refuse to give.

Already our local philanthropy is so abundant and well directed that no woman or child, knowing where to go, need suffer for food or shelter in this great city. All that is required to perfect our charities in City and State is the discouragement of beggary, less indulgence in hand-to-mouth giving, and still more system and circumspection in the matter of applying needed relief.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE PRESIDENCY.

GENERAL SHERMAN recently said—or is reported to have said, which is pretty much the same thing, as far as the newspaper-reading public is concerned—that he does not want to be President. He did not say he would rather be right than be President; nor did he, or the person who is credited with this sentiment, say that it was not right to be President, or that a man could not be right and President at the same time. General Sherman's first and principal reason for declining the office—which, by-the-way, has never been offered him, save by the premature and irresponsible President-maker—is that he wants to be comfortable for the remainder of his days. He thinks he has earned a right to be comfortable—a claim that a majority of his fellow citizens will scarcely dispute. The position of President, he says, is wholly incompatible with rest, ease or quietude of mind. In support of his argument he puts on inspection the line of more recent Presidents—Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur. None of these, he argues, found in the honors and dignities of the high office a compensation for the worries and cares which are inseparable from it. For instance, he says, "Every man, woman and child in the country revered the name of General Grant. He had an honored position for life, greater, as I think, than the Presidency. He became President, and served a term of eight years of misery in the White House. He left it a poor man, and many people (most unjustly, believe me), lost confidence in him. Where is he now? Fighting the bulls and bears on Wall Street." So of President Arthur: "He has friends right and left, but his bed is not one of roses. There are thorns even there. He is bothered all the time by small things that never ought to reach the President, and he is far from happy."

Clearly, from General Sherman's point of view the position of Chief Executive is not an alluring one. And he is reported to have added, with characteristic candor, that there are ten thousand other men in the country who would make just as good a President as he. It might with equal candor be added that these ten thousand men will heartily agree with him, while there are several millions of voters who, we are sure, will not be so cruel as to insist that General Sherman shall make any further sacrifices for a country for which he has already done so much.

AMERICAN BOOKS IN EUROPE.

THE sneer, "Who reads an American book?" launched by certain English critics a quarter of a century ago, was mainly due to jealousy of all things American. English critics of to-day tacitly confess as much by the encomiums they accord to American letters. The original English jealousy is proved by the fact that the continental critics were not guilty of a like attempt at detraction, but frankly acknowledged the value of our literary productions from the first, or as soon as brought under their notice. Additional proof is afforded in this, namely, that when the English sneer was uttered, the books that have alone been instrumental in conferring literary fame on America were already published, none at all equalling them having since been put on the market.

The bases of American literature are the works of Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, Wheaton, Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Poe and Lowell, published in the first half of this century. Certainly these writers constitute a galaxy of which a young country like ours may justly be proud. If a new country, scarcely absorbed in material wants and development, could do so much in the realm of letters, what should there not have been

looked for from old Europe, with her accumulations and assured leisure? Yet the writers named above compare favorably with any produced during the same period in Europe, where, indeed, several of them have taken rank as standards, and their works been translated into many tongues. Circumstances truly alter cases, and the question may well be asked, If America has produced such writers as these in her callow days, what literary magnates may she not furnish to the world in her maturity?

And in reality, granting that the literature of the future must differ vastly from that of the past, still on many solid grounds a very confident claim may be made in behalf of the future of American letters. In this New World there is a wider field, a more electric life, a greater diversity of social and historic conditions, a vaster reading public, than in Europe—in short, greater resources, a producing and assimilating capacity unknown in other countries.

Looking, however, at the recent and actual condition of literature, and art as well, both in this country and in Europe, it is even painfully apparent that they have been sensibly checked by the scientific and industrial achievements through which society has been revolutionized and new channels for human effort traced out and developed. Strictly speaking, literature and art are to-day in a transition state, preparatory to adapting themselves to the general transformation that has taken place in the world's life. Hence we are made to feel and perceive the utter absence of any enduring work from either *littérateur* or artist—their pitiable imitations of "the old masters" and ready gleanings from the past at large—being as yet incapable of taking hold of the fleeting phases of a changed and rapidly changing world. Of course "new masters" in literature and art there must be, but they can only come to the front when things shall have grown a little more fixed in their new relations. To expect literature and art to live in ruts measured by the first Homer and the first Apelles is to expect too much.

As no country possesses such enormous facilities and temptations for bookmaking as this, so in no country, to the same extent as in this, have there been so many failures in this field within recent years. The desire for novelties has been keen, but for quality the bookmakers have vainly endeavored to substitute quantity. It is of no use to particularize these thousand and one failures. Among the army of pen drivers born to die unwept, unhonored and unsung, only a few have reached a niche in the temple of fame, and that niche, moreover, a small one. These are our humorists. It is not too much to say that Artemus Ward, Mark Twain and Bret Harte have been equally as well appreciated in England as at home, and have eclipsed any humorists grown elsewhere during their day. Though deservedly classed as the chiefs of the American school of humor, it is not to be forgotten that they found their books ready to hand, as it were, circulating in thousands of newspapers. Our compilations have been numerous; some of them, the most useful, have gone abroad and been translated, though we can scarcely put on airs for these. Nor can much be claimed in behalf of American letters from the recent school of light-weight novelists, whose imitation of European namby-fambly repels rather than attracts popular favor. Since the days of Hawthorne, our publishers have printed many "novels," and yet the first home-made article of the kind remains as ever a desideratum—to come. The consequence is, that, despite the patriotism which prompts to a generous encouragement of home talent, our publishers are reprinting "the best that Europe affords," just as the theatres adapt to their boards exotic plays and spectacles. However, if we are at a standstill, it may be some consolation for the over-sensitive patriot to know that Europe, barring her old treasures, is at present turning out little of worth with which to overwhelm our hope of future American supremacy.

AUSTRIAN SOCIALISM.

THE new year is beginning ominously for some of the Governments of Europe. Following upon the heels of the manifestation of the new vitality of Nihilism in Russia comes a startling proof that revolutionary socialism enjoys a vigorous life in the dominions of the Austrian Kaiser.

Vienna has been thrown into a state of consternation by the daring murder of a Government detective in the suburb of Floridsdorf and the discovery of an extensive Socialist plot for the murder of a policeman and other Government officials. In the capital city and neighboring towns, in consequence, the Government has ordered a state of siege to be established. The walls are covered with Socialist proclamations rejoicing in the murder as a glorious victory, and threatening a speedy succession of similar murders. The police pretend to have hindered an attempt to assassinate the Emperor Francis Joseph in his box in the Court Opera House, and the air is filled with rumors of plots for the destruction of the Imperial family.

It was thought by the Austrian authorities some time ago—as the Russian authorities

were beginning to think with regard to Nihilism—that the backbone of the Socialist movement had been broken, and in this belief Austria refused to join in an international alliance, which Russia proposed, against the revolutionary element in all the nations. The Austrian authorities have now so far changed their mind that their projected Coercion Bill—the “Socialistengesetz”—has been abandoned as not being drastic enough to deal with the difficulty, and martial law has been resorted to instead.

Austrian Socialism and Russian Nihilism must not be confounded as results of a similar cause, though they are often spoken of as if they were such. They are two very different kinds of movements. In Russia there is no Constitution whatsoever; the whole country is at the mercy of a single man; and the revolutionary movement, which includes the very highest classes there, aims first of all at procuring a Constitution in which the popular voice would have some representation. In Austria, where the despotism is regulated by an elective Parliament—although the Constitution leaves much to be desired—it is social rather than constitutional grievances that the revolutionists aim at redressing. Usury and unequal taxation are evils that have grown to huge proportions in the Austrias. A class of money-lenders has sprung up to whom the poorer classes in the agricultural districts and the cities are mortgaged and bound over helplessly. The most prominent of these money kings are Jews, and the so-called anti-Jewish movement in Austria and Hungary is in reality only part of the same social agitation which is now manifesting itself in Vienna.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

Nihilism, the red spectre, gives ominous signs of reawakening, and the outlook for the current year, particularly in Russia, is not reassuring. The killing of Colonel Sudeikin, the rumored assassination of a still higher official, and the sensational reports connected with the Czar's recent accident, may be regarded as symptoms of approaching trouble there. In Vienna, as elsewhere stated, the discovery of a supposed anarchist plot has caused sensation and alarm. Instead of special legislation against the Socialists, the Government has ordered a state of siege to be established in Vienna, Korneuburg and Neustadt. This gives the Government the right to search private houses without judicial order, to exile suspects without trial, to conduct trials without a jury, to suspend the liberty of the press, to open private letters, and to dissolve all public and private meetings. The British Premier has received and addressed several Liberal deputations, giving his views upon political topics of the day, and foreshadowing measures of reform. A deputation of 250 trades union delegates were introduced by Mr. Joseph Arch, the champion of the agricultural laborers, and by two Radical Members of Parliament. They urged the extension of the county franchise. Mr. Gladstone said that their deputation had done much to dispel doubt as to the desire of the people of England generally for the extension of the franchise throughout the three kingdoms. The Government was convinced that the time for action was at hand, and such action should presently be taken as would give effect to the pledges of the Government.

Mr. John Bright, addressing a large meeting at the Forward Liberal Club in Birmingham, recently, said that, after the franchise measure, the most important question for the reformed Parliament would be the reform of the land laws. He condemned Mr. Henry George's land propositions, saying they were most extraordinary and impracticable, and the wildest ever imported from America. Mr. George's scheme began with a hitherto unheard-of general scheme of confiscation, which Mr. Bright believed would end in immeasurable evil and confusion. Nevertheless, the system of land tenure must be altered so as to enable the land to come gradually and naturally into the hands of those most requiring and desiring it, most able to pay for and best able to work it, for the public advantage. It would be easy to abolish the laws of primogeniture and entail, to facilitate the transfer of land. Englishmen, said Mr. Bright, should try these reforms before attempting wild and extravagant schemes. Advice from Paris asserts that Admiral Courbet lately attacked Bac Ninh and was repulsed with losses equal to those sustained at Sontay; also, that the French met 25,000 well-armed and strongly-posted Chinese regulars under the walls. The statement as to the French repulse, however, has been contradicted, and may, perhaps, have been an exaggeration.

The movement for the suppression of gambling at Monte Carlo has gained force from the recent suicide there of Herr Ellinger, a well-known sportsman of Vienna, owing to heavy losses which he had sustained. The Pope has given a private audience to a prominent member of a society for the abolition of the gaming-tables at Monte Carlo, as there is a considerable agitation for that object. The number of suicides committed there by unfortunate players is said to be, on an average, five each month.

Widespread destruction is reported from the great wind-storms, almost hurricanes, which swept over England and France last week. Many vessels have been wrecked on the coast, while in London and Paris roofs have been demolished, spires overthrown, and in several cases lives lost from falling débris.

We have given elsewhere a statement of the situation in the Sudan. Later reports indicate that Tokar is in danger of capture by the rebels, and that Trinkitat is menaced by a force of 7,000 men.

There are indications of a revival of Imperialism in France. Prince Jerome Napoleon has advised a Bonapartist deputation that the

time has arrived to begin a legal, open and untiring agitation for the promotion of the Bonapartist cause, and it has, upon this hint, been decided to hold a large meeting on February 17th for the purpose of discussing the necessity of a revision of the Constitution.

The irony of the cable has rarely been more strongly emphasized than on a recent day when American newspaper-readers were told that the Czar's family all narrowly escaped death by poison in their food at breakfast, followed by this dispatch on the same day: “A Court ball was given at the Imperial Winter Palace this evening. It was a brilliant and most successful entertainment. The Czar and Czarina conversed affably with their guests.”

The House Banking and Currency Committee has adopted a resolution declaring “that the public welfare demands that the benefits of the national banking system be substantially preserved and continued for the time being.” This action is gratifying as indicating that the committee is not in sympathy with the demand for a contraction of bank circulation, and will not give its sanction to the schemes for the disintegration of the existing banking system.

Of such stuff as really great men are made is the little Russian boy of whom a touching story has crossed the sea. He is a thirteen-year-old violin player, and in his ambition for an opportunity to perfect himself in his art, made a journey of 1,300 miles on foot from his native Cossack village to the great city of St. Petersburg. Instead of at once gaining admission to the Conservatory, the brave little fellow found himself in the hospital, dangerously ill from typhoid-fever, brought on by over-exertion and exposure. His name is not given, but it is safe to assume that, if he recovers, it will be one day known and honored.

The resolution ordering an investigation into the alleged election outrages in Virginia and Mississippi passed the United States Senate last week without debate, the Democrats abstaining from all remarks upon it. It is to be hoped that the investigation, now that it has been ordered, will be made thorough and impartial, to the end that the precise facts may be developed and the States named, if unjustly accused, may be vindicated in the eyes of the whole sisterhood of States. If, on the other hand, the charges shall—as we think improbable—be proven, then Congress should at once provide additional safeguards for the protection of all the rights of citizenship everywhere throughout the Union.

One of the results of interdicting Chinese immigration is the unwillingness of Chinamen in this country to accept positions which will take them out of the United States, even temporarily, for fear they will not be allowed to return. A case in point is that of the United States steamer *Ossipee*, again in commission, and soon to sail for China. The officers advertised for a Chinese steward, cook and six servants, but not a Chinaman responded. The officers, on being interviewed on the subject, said they advertised for Chinese in preference to all other nationalities “because they are the best servants in the world.” An application was made to the Chinese Consul in New York city in the hope that by his assistance the *Ossipee* might be outfitted with the desired number of Celestials which it had been found impossible to otherwise obtain.

It is a curious fact that the geographical centre of the United States, that used to be somewhere near Omaha, is now, since the acquisition of Alaska, west of the mouth of the Columbia River, in the Pacific Ocean. In other words, Portland, Oregon, is nearer to Portland, Maine, than it is to the last of the Aleutian Islands, which belong to the United States. Two hours after the sun has set upon our Western limits it rises upon Mount Katahdin in Maine. Alaska is one-sixth of our whole country, yet we allow it to remain savage and ungoverned, without law, without schools, without taxes, without any of the adjuncts of civilization except whisky. The vast, sprawling region of ice and walrus, sand and seals, ought to be taken in hand at once by the enactment of appropriate law and the appointment of territorial officers.

The public debt reduction during the month of January amounted to \$11,958,003, and for the seven months ending with the 1st instant to \$65,007,487. The reduction for the same period last year was about \$95,000,000. The falling off in surplus revenue for the past seven months thus appears to be \$30,000,000. Should the same rate of reduction continue during the remainder of the fiscal year the surplus would not exceed \$112,000,000, which would be \$26,000,000 below that of the preceding year. The amount of silver certificates now out standing is nearly \$97,000,000, and the number of silver dollars in the Treasury not covered by these certificates is \$26,516,717. Including fractional silver coins, there is now on hand over \$151,000,000 in silver, which, stated in avoirdupois, weighs 105,400 tons.

PERHAPS the greatest benevolent railway institution in this or any other country is the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Employes' Relief Association, which, in the forty-one months of its existence, has paid out \$538,749 to 24,771 members for accidental benefits and death losses. The Association not only contributes to the relief of its members, but it advances money to enable them to build or purchase houses, and also looks after the sanitary condition of the company's shops and other buildings, the character of the water used for drinking purposes and many minor matters

affecting the health and comfort of the employes and patrons of the road. The managers of the company cordially co-operate with the Association in its work, and the acting President, in a recent address, expressed the hope that the day might soon come when every man in the service would have a roof of his own over his head, and when those who run the trains and operate the machinery, and all others having steady employment, will be identified with and be part owners of the Baltimore and Ohio Company.

It is easy to find excuses for doing what one wants to do. When an American jury wishes to express its opinion that the seducer should be slain by the victim's nearest relative and that he who kills under such circumstances is no murderer, it calmly brings in a false verdict of “insanity.” When the German farmer wishes to be without rivals in the matter of meat producing, the German Parliament, pretending to be opposed to the doctrine of “protection,” declares American pork to be diseased and arbitrarily prohibits it. But similar dishonesty of motive had been shown towards other nations. Russian cattle had already been excluded on the pretense of “rinderpest,” Dutch cattle under pretense of “pneumonia,” and Austrian cattle because of alleged epizooty. The distinguished German scientist, Professor Virchow, declares his nation to be insincere, and says that sanitary supervision of meats is all that is necessary. He adds, however, that Germany is becoming agrarian and that the farmers have got the upper hand, and he supposes they will protect themselves in any way they can, even to a complete stultification of their professions.

It costs a good deal in these days to elect a member of Congress, but it costs quite as much to bury him when he is dead. In one case he foots the bills himself, or they are paid by friends; in the other, the expense is paid out of the public treasury, and that is the reason perhaps, why the bills are usually so extravagant. The report of the last House of Representatives gives the expenses for burying five members of that body, three of which averaged nearly \$2,500 each. In one of these cases, the charge for transporting the remains and the House Committee from Washington to Richland, N. C., a distance of less than 600 miles, was nearly \$1,200, while the meat and drink of the committee cost \$316. In another case, where the bill of expenses amounted to \$2,931, there were charges for all sorts of drinks, and a variety of extras, an ice pick and hatchet being included; while in a third, judging from the itemized bill, the funeral journey must have been a mere carousal from first to last. It is high time that the prodigal expenditure, the jobbery, and the scandals, which have grown up in connection with these Congressional funerals, should have a pause, and to that end public opinion cannot make itself too emphatically felt in condemnation of the whole iniquitous system.

The other day the colored sexton of a church at Hackensack, in New Jersey, having died, application was made to the local cemetery company for a grave in which to bury him. The necessary permission for the burial was granted, but the cemetery managers subsequently discovering that the grave was desired for a colored man, the permission to inter was revoked, and at the last moment the body had to be carried elsewhere for sepulture. Of course, the intolerant action of the cemetery company has aroused great indignation, and the Governor of the State, a very positive and radical Democrat, has felt it proper to send a special message to the Legislature on the subject, in which he recommends the passage of a law which shall make a refusal to permit a burial, based on color, a criminal offense, with such penalty as shall prevent a recurrence of such a proceeding. The Legislature will probably act upon this suggestion, but nothing it may do will alter the fact that the State has been disgraced by an act of intolerance which we can scarcely conceive to be possible anywhere else in the Union. Bergen County, in which the town of Hackensack lies, was in the Revolutionary days a stronghold of Toryism. It is, perhaps, not unnatural or illogical that it should now be one of the last refuges of Bourbonism.

WHEN Mr. Barnum's agent was scouring Siam and Burmah for a sacred white elephant, the officers of the Emperor pursued him and slew a captive specimen to prevent its going out of the country to the land of the infidels. But as soon as one of the supernatural beasts was actually obtained by the corruption of a disolute King, they began to depreciate it and declare it to be a humbug. To know that the sacred pachyderm, in whom are housed the souls of a hundred emperors, is to be made an object of exhibition to unbelievers, is enough to cause his frightened worshipers to declare that he is only a common elephant, worth perhaps twenty-five dollars. We know that Frederick the Great, after his first defeat, changed his uniform for that of a common soldier, so that he could sooner get away from his captors. So this clumsy incarnation of kings, this “descendant of the angels of the Brahmins,” this yellowish albino, this pink-splashed casket in which Gautama found his last avatar, will “play possum” if he can, will cheapen himself and affect humility, rather than be made a show of before the Yankee pagans who do not believe in him. The council of the Zoological Gardens in London, where His Most Sublime Majesty is at present boarding, have forbidden the public performance of religious rites before him by the Brahmin priests; but there are no such absurd prejudices in this country, and Colonel Olcott, Helen Blavatski, Stephen Pearl Andrews, and others, will be allowed full swing.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE last sale of a seat in the New York Stock Exchange was made at \$23,000.

WENDELL PHILLIPS is seriously ill, and his friends regard his recovery as doubtful.

It is announced that Mr. Morrison's Tariff Bill will provide for a horizontal reduction of twenty per cent.

THE sealing steamship *Bear* has been purchased at Newfoundland by the United States Government for the Greely Relief Expedition.

A GASOLINE explosion at Alliance, Ohio, on the 1st instant, demolished a block of brick buildings, killed six persons, and seriously injured nine others.

A CALL has been issued for a convention at Pittsburgh, Pa., of colored voters from nearly all the States to consider the “shot-gun policy in the South.”

OWING to a reduction in wages, the cotton mill operatives of Fall River, Mass., have quit work. There are in all some 30,000 persons now out of employment.

A PARTY of English capitalists, who are exploring the interior of South Florida, will interest themselves in bringing a large foreign immigration into that State.

THE House Committee on Public Lands has decided to report a Bill declaring the entire land grant to the Oregon Central Railroad forfeited. There are 1,480,000 acres in the grant.

THE Washington detectives have unearthed a gang of thirty thieves, known as the “Sons of Rest,” who, it is believed, are guilty of the numerous robberies recently committed in that city.

THE liquor-dealers of New York city are organizing to defeat the High License Bill introduced in the State Legislature. Meanwhile the impracticable Prohibitionists are also opposing the Act.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Bill to forfeit the Texas Pacific land grant; also a Bill forfeiting certain lands granted to Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana, in aid of the construction of railroads.

THE propriety of changing the compensation of United States District Attorneys from fees to salaries has been unanimously agreed to by a sub-committee of the House Committee on the Judiciary. A Bill will be prepared.

THE Senate Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads last week began a hearing of arguments from interested parties on the subject of the proposed governmental ownership or control of the telegraph system.

THE Bill for the relief of Fitz John Porter passed the House of Representatives on the 1st instant by a vote of 184 to 78. Of the affirmative votes 19 were those of Republicans, and of the opposing votes only one was that of a Democrat.

THE Grand Jury of the Court of General Sessions in New York city has made a presentment to the Court censuring the Excise Commissioners for not revoking the licenses of saloon keepers after the latter had been convicted and punished for violations of the Excise law.

THE charges brought against Governor Murray of Utah of misconduct while United States Marshal in Kentucky are that he made many arrests for no other reason than to make costs. Murray's friends say that the charges are trumped up in the interest of the Mormons.

THERE were 365 failures in the United States during the past week—55 more than the preceding week, 89 more than the corresponding week of 1883, and 171 more than the same week of 1882. About 87 per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

It is understood that the sub-committee of the House Committee on Accounts will make a report sustaining the charge made against ex-Speaker Keiser, finding that he turned out a competent stenographer and appointed his own nephew to the position, who performed no service for the salary paid him.

A PASSENGER-TRAIN on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad plunged through a bridge over White River, some seven miles from Indianapolis, on the 31st ultimo, and six persons were killed and eight badly hurt—some of the cars taking fire almost simultaneously with the plunge into the water.

THE long strike of window-glass workers at Pittsburgh is at an end, and after seven months' idleness the men will return to work as soon as the furnaces are heated. While both sides made great concessions, the terms largely favor the workmen. A number of factories have already started their fires, and it is expected that by February 15th all the factories West will be in operation.

MR. BLAIR last week reported from the Senate Committee on Education and Labor a substitute for his Educational Bill. As reported, this substitute provides that there shall be appropriated annually for ten years a sum of money beginning with \$15,000,000 and diminished by \$1,000,000 in each succeeding year, which sum shall be paid out to each of the several States and Territories in proportion to their illiterate population.

Foreign.

It is announced in Berlin that King Humbert and Queen Margherita, of Italy, will visit the German Court before March.

M. DE LESSEPS has been invited to undertake the completion of the canal which is to make St. Petersburg a seaport and independent of Cronstadt.

ADVICES from Australia state that the crops are in splendid condition. It is estimated that South Australia will have 18,000,000 bushels of wheat for export and Victoria 7,000,000 bushels.

TWO INVALIDED members of Henry M. Stanley's expedition on the Congo River, who have arrived at Madeira, express the belief that M. de Brazza, the leader of the French expedition, is dead, as at last accounts he was surrounded by hostile natives who refused to allow his followers to approach him.

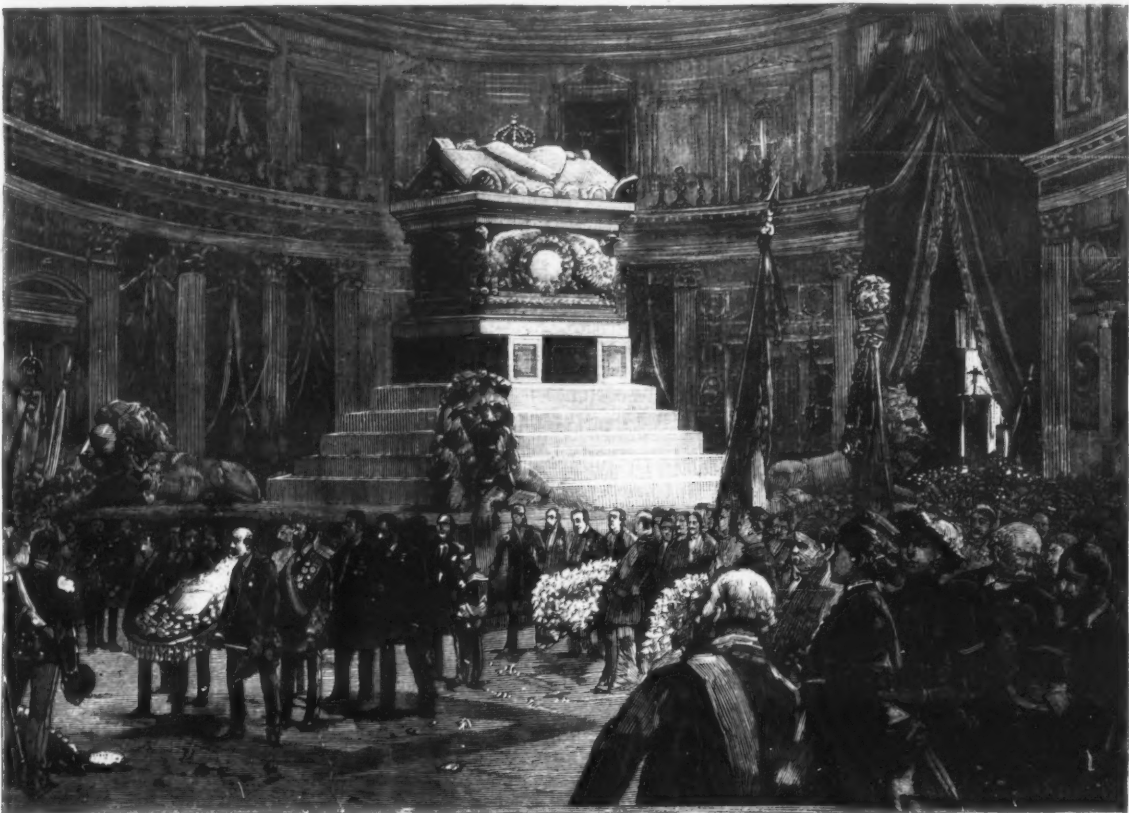
A PARIS paper publishes an account of negotiations now pending between France and the Vatican. The recent visit paid to the Pope by the Crown Prince of Germany has had the effect of rousing Prime Minister Ferry. He has promised to make an effort to ameliorate the condition of the clergy and of the dispersed religious Orders.

A ROME dispatch says that the Italian Supreme Court has passed a judgment establishing alienation and conversion of the property of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The decision has caused great bitterness in Papal circles. Nearly fifteen millions worth of real estate belonging to the Propaganda will be sold and invested in Italian bonds in trust for the Propaganda.

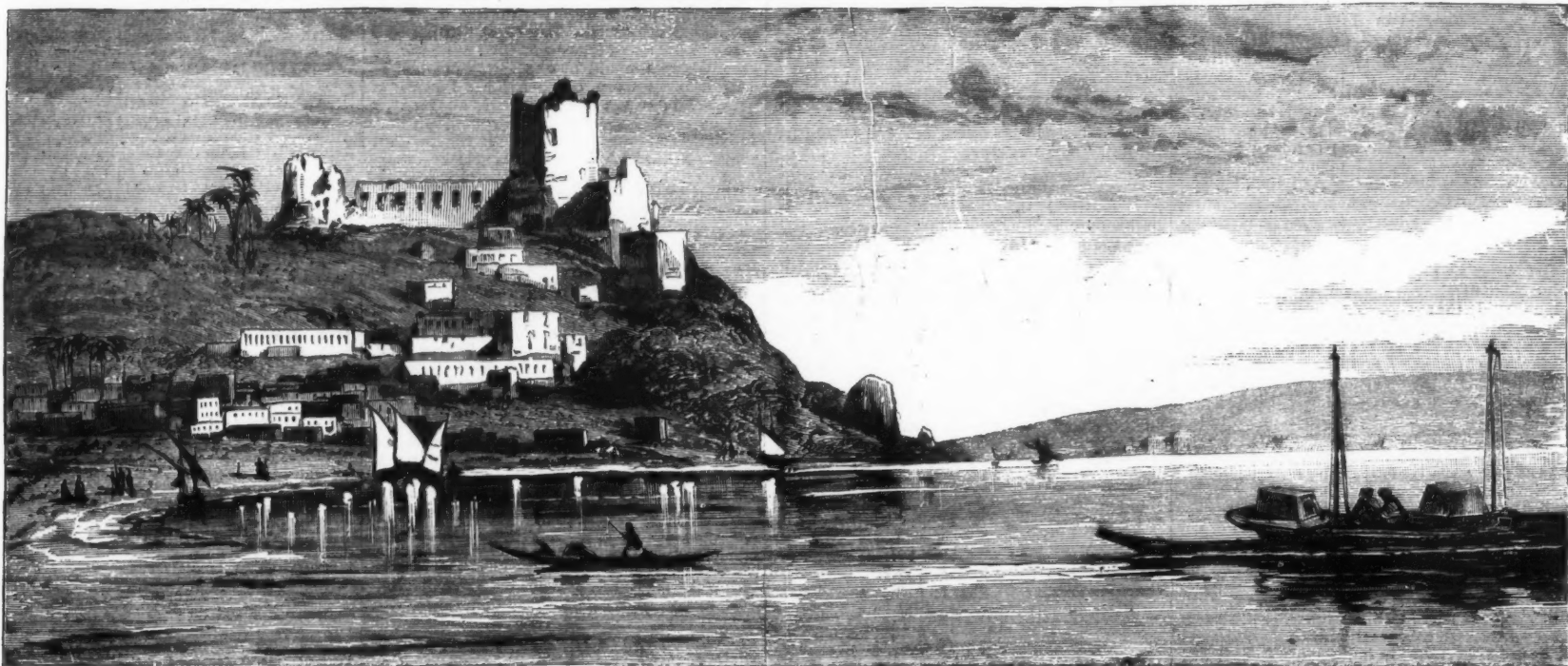
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 391.



SPAIN.—MONUMENT OF ISABELLA THE CATHOLIC, RECENTLY INAUGURATED IN MADRID.



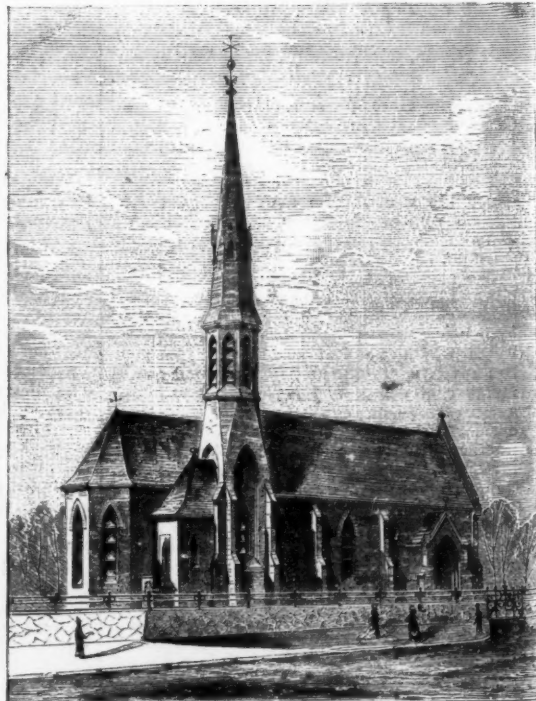
ITALY.—THE PILGRIMS, IN THE PANTHEON AT ROME, PASSING BEFORE THE TOMB OF VICTOR EMMANUEL.



THE REBELLION IN THE SOUDAN.—ASSOUAN, ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE NILE, JUST VISITED BY "CHINESE" GORDON.



EGYPT.—UNWILLING RECRUITS FOR THE SOUDAN.



NORWAY.—THE FIRST ENGLISH CHURCH AT CHRISTIANIA, NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

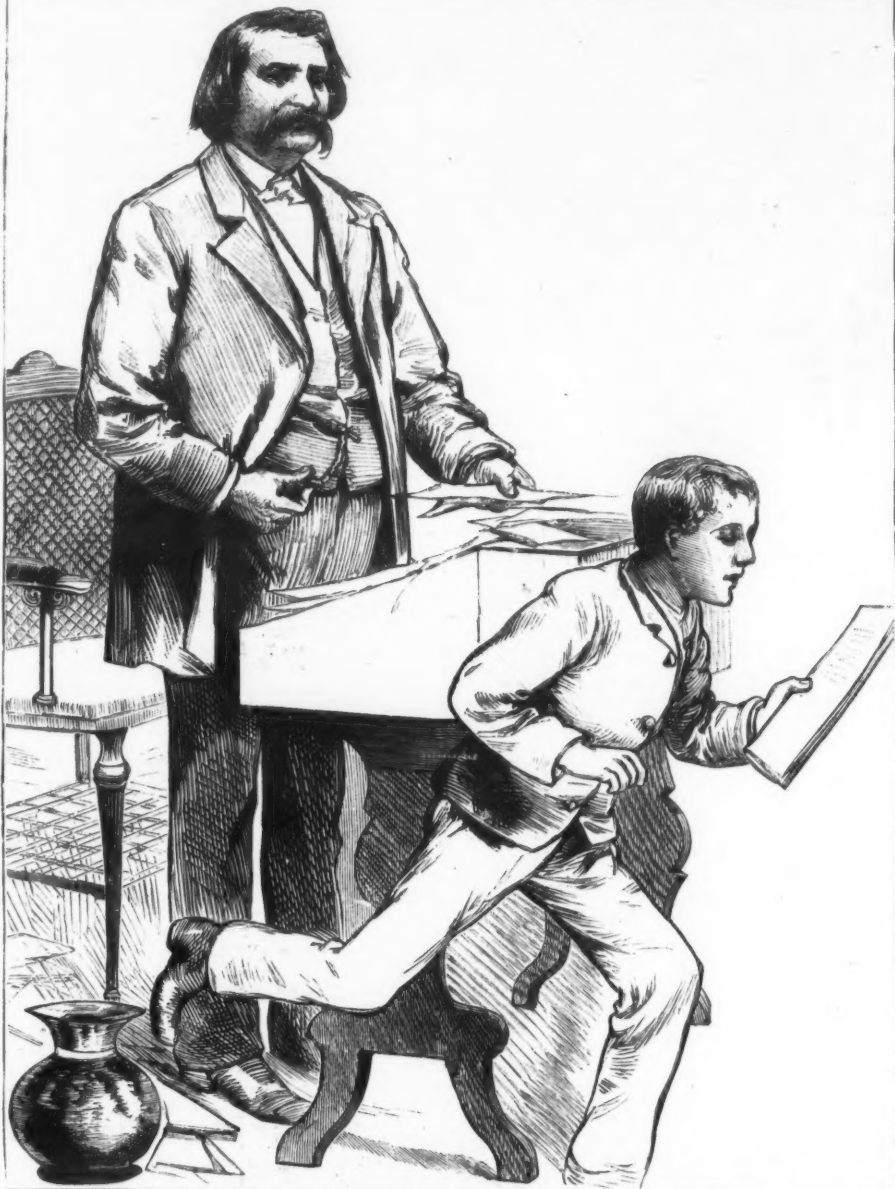


THE PRESIDING OFFICER—"THE SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS HAS THE FLOOR."

BILLS IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

"BILL DAY" is always a day of interest to the members of Congress. It is on this day that a member can introduce a Bill with the certainty of its being "referred." On other days he "tries it on" by asking the Speaker, ere the business concludes, to refer his little Bill. The Speaker, trumpet-tongued and to the confusion and utter rout of the wily member, is not to be caught napping, and shouts, "The gentleman from Alabama asks unanimous consent at this time to introduce a Bill for reference." The ears of gentlemen having little Bills of their own prick up. They object, and the wily one is foiled. It is quite a sight on "Bill day" to behold the members endeavoring to catch the Speaker's eye. The referring of a Bill wins the member a cheap favor with his constituents, for the presentation duly appears in the *Congressional Record*, a copy of which is certain, by some mysterious process, to find its way to the promoters of the measure. "Mr. Speaker," says the member, "I desire to offer a Bill for reference," holding up the innocent which is almost certain of massacre, as out of 10,000 referred last session a tenth was relegated to the W. P. B., *alias* waste-paper basket. The Speaker having perceived the honorable member—who has been pounced upon by two or three acrobatic pages, and the package transferred to the Reading Clerk—cries, "The gentleman from Alabama introduces the following Bill." Then the clerk proceeds to drone out the Bill. After the Bill is read by title, the Speaker refers it to its proper committee. It then goes through the hands of the proper clerk, is indexed and registered, and finally is sent to the room of the committee to which it is assigned, and, being correctly indorsed and registered, is duly pigeon-holed and permitted to await its turn.

In the Senate the same forms are gone through—the same cry of distress from the member, the same stereotyped reply from the Chairman, the same reading, indexing and pigeon-holing by wary and astute clerks. Very green members endeavor during the session to unearth their Bills from their resting-places. Such members are pitied for their gross ignorance.



"THE SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS PRESENTS THE FOLLOWING BILL."

AN ARTIST'S RAMBLES IN WASHINGTON.—No. 5: THE INTRODUCTION OF BILLS IN THE U. S. SENATE.



DOROTHY FORSTER—"LOOKING ABOUT, I BECAME AWARE OF A PERSON WHOM I HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN, IN CASSECK AND BANDS, AND AN ENORMOUS GREAT WIG. PRESENTLY HE ADVANCED TO US, BOWING AT EVERY STEP."—SEE PAGE 394.

TOO LATE.

SHE went by the downs where furze grow thick and red,
Through meadows sweet.
The pitying stars shone softly overhead
To guide her feet.
As if for Life's sweet sake she hurried on;
After long hours
She saw against the first low light of dawn
Her false love's towers.

"I came, dear heart; I could no longer stay,"
She, weeping, said;
And on his door-stone, in the dawning gray,
She laid her head.
Ah, fair young head! so bright, thus lying prone,
With loosened hair,
One lovely cheek pressed on the threshold-stone,
She waited there.

A little hurried sobbing now and then,
As of a child
Fallen asleep amid its tears. Again
A murmur wild—
Half-cry, half-moan. And then, as if she dreamed,
With measured breath,
The solemn stillness of the morning seemed
Like hush of death.

At last, at long, long last, the opening door!
A heavy tread
Of strong, sure footsteps on the echoing floor—
She raised her head,
Pushed back the fallen curtain of her hair;
—With sweeping pall
Her love passed—outward borne 'mid psalm and
prayer,
And—that was all!

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

THERESA DARCOURT'S EXPERIMENT.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

THERESA DARCOURT was wholly devoted to her brother Harry, and when his duties as a special examiner of pension claims led him to Tennessee, she bravely followed him, though she knew to what deprivations and inconveniences she would be subjected.

Darcourt went first to Knoxville, and from there to Boxborough, a little hamlet of perhaps fifty houses, nestling right at the foot of a mountain. The postmaster, who owned the only house in the place which could boast a coat of paint, took the examiner and his sister in, and tried his best to make them comfortable. But Theresa thought it a poor best; for the fare set before them was of the coarsest, cheapest kind, the beds were guiltless of sheets, and the cold winter air penetrated the thin walls of the bedroom assigned her until she felt as if in an ice-house.

"How am I to endure life here for even five weeks?" she thought, when her brother told her that he would probably be obliged to remain for that length of time in Boxborough. "I shall die of simple inaction."

But she did not say anything of the sort to Harry, who was rather inclined to laugh at the peculiarities of their accommodations, and was of far too amiable a disposition to complain of them.

"You will have a chance here to study the habits and manners of the native Tennessean, Theresa," he said, "and your experiences may be sufficiently novel and varied to fill the minds of all your friends with envy when you return to civilization."

"I shall get all I can out of my stay here, you may be sure of that," said Theresa. "I intend to go to that ten-cent entertainment in the schoolhouse to-night, if you'll take me."

"Certainly I will," said Harry; "but I am afraid you will find it vastly different from any exhibition you ever attended in Washington."

"I suppose so," said Theresa. "I'm prepared for anything."

But she was scarcely prepared to find that the entertainment consisted solely of coarse comic songs, sung in a loud bass voice by a one-armed man with a fiddle.

"This is awful—positively awful!" she whispered to Harry, at the conclusion of ten verses about a young man whose sweetheart's father had set a dog on him, thereby causing him to lose a very important part of his raiment. "I wonder if he has many more like that in his repertoire."

And then she tried not to listen, and began to look about her. She had an excellent chance to study the faces of the Boxboroughites, for they had turned out *en masse*, and filled every seat in the house. The women, with few exceptions, wore calico, flat sun-bonnets, gaudy shawls, and homespun or calico dresses.

All the older ones looked dull and careworn, as though the burdens of life had borne heavily upon them—as indeed they had, for the life of a woman in the country districts of Tennessee is not an enviable one. She is obliged to work early and late, both in the house and field, is poorly fed and meagrely clothed, and her children are legion.

The majority of the men were rough, hearty-looking fellows, who laughed loudly at all the jokes perpetrated by the one-armed singer, and seemed to enjoy the entertainment vastly.

In one corner, sitting rather back from view, was a young fellow who seemed to Theresa rather above his companions, in appearance at least.

He was of fair complexion, though a little tanned from exposure to the sun, and his straight, yellow hair was cropped close to a finely-formed head. His eyes were so dark a blue as to look extremely black at a short distance, and a long, light-brown mustache shaded a mouth as sensitive as a woman's.

Theresa looked at him long and earnestly. "It seems to me that young man is worth attention," she thought. "Something might be made of him if some one would only take him up."

Turning a little, she happened to meet the gaze of a pair of flashing black eyes belonging to a young girl who sat on one of the side seats just opposite the young man who had aroused Theresa's interest.

The black eyes looked indignant, and Theresa saw at once that she had in some way incurred their owner's enmity; but how, she could not imagine.

The girl turned away her head with an angry jerk when she saw she was observed, and fastened her gaze upon the one-armed singer; but Theresa continued to look at her, wondering who she was.

She was better-looking than most of the women about her, and was better dressed; but there was nothing of refinement or delicacy in her face.

She laughed as heartily as the men at the songs and jokes, and was evidently highly pleased when the performer, retiring behind a calico curtain stretched across one corner of the room, reappeared after a few moments dressed as a negro woman, his face and hands liberally covered with burnt cork.

In this garb he sang several sentimental ditties, and then declared the entertainment at an end.

"Well, how did you enjoy it?" asked Darcourt, as he left the schoolhouse with his sister, and, with the aid of a lantern, began picking his way toward the postmaster's dwelling, a quarter of a mile distant.

"How can you ask, Harry? It was a wonder to me that the audience did not rise in a body and turn the man out."

"The audience, with the exception of ourselves, had never seen or heard anything better, probably."

"More's the pity," said Theresa. "I wish I could show them something better; it would be an act of mercy."

"I don't agree with you," said Darcourt. "You would only make them discontented, since their lives are cast where anything better in the way of amusement than we had to-night is never likely to come in their way. Why put them out of conceit with their few pleasures?"

"You may be right; but all the same I would like to try the experiment—on one of them at least. There was a young man there whose face interested me very much. He sat in one corner, to the left of the teacher's desk. Did you notice him? He had on a blue flannel shirt, and was very good-looking."

"Oh, you mean George Felton," said Darcourt. "Yes, I saw he was there. He is rather good-looking. He is one of the witnesses for the claim of Nathaniel Brooks. He will be up to see me to-morrow, and you will have a chance to talk to him."

"I shall improve it, you may be sure," said Theresa. "I shall find out if his character corresponds with his appearance."

"If it does, I suppose you will experiment on him; teach him 'something better than he has known,' eh?" said Darcourt, laughing.

"Nothing more likely," answered his sister. "I must find something to do here, or time will hang very heavily on my hands. An experiment of that sort would interest me at least."

"Remember the fable of the boy and the frogs," said Darcourt. "It was fun for that boy to throw stones, but it was death to the poor frogs."

"Nonsense, Harry. If I do try my experiment on Mr. Felton, he will have every reason to bless the day that brought me to Boxborough," said Theresa.

She was in the postmaster's sitting-room, searching a box of papers for a letter her brother wanted when George Felton came in the next morning. Harry was engaged with several other witnesses, and after introducing the young fellow to Theresa, went into the next room to continue the taking of testimony, sublimely indifferent to anything else.

George Felton was evidently pleased at having received an introduction to the examiner's sister. And she saw this at once, and it inclined her favorably towards him. Like all women, she liked to be admired, and even the admiration of an uncultivated, awkward young Tennessean was pleasant to her.

But she did not imagine how very deeply she impressed George Felton. Her manner, appearance and dress were so very different from those of the women with whom he habitually associated that she held a peculiar charm for him all her own. And she was so cordial and talkative that he felt at his ease almost immediately, and entered into conversation with her without a trace of embarrassment.

By means of a pleasant exhibition of interest in him, and judicious questioning, Theresa soon drew from him the history of his life—a very simple, unexciting one, as may be supposed. He had received only a common-school education, subscribed for no newspapers, and had never thought of leaving Boxborough, nor of striking out into a wider field of action. He had a mother and two sisters, and he lived with them, and tilled the land left him by his father.

The more Theresa talked to him the more interested she became in him. Here was soil, she thought, which would repay cultivation, and she determined that the experiment of which she had spoken to her brother should be tried.

She began by telling the young man something of her own life, and painted in glowing language the pleasures of society and the advantages to be derived from a residence in a large city. She told of fortunes made by men who had begun at the very foot of the ladder, and she spoke of music, art and the drama.

George Felton listened eagerly to everything she said, his bright, blue eyes scarcely leaving her face for an instant, and when at length they were interrupted by the entrance of Darcourt, he asked if he might see her again after his testimony had been taken.

Theresa answered in the affirmative, se-

cretly gratified that she had so thoroughly aroused his interest.

"In five weeks I can make a different man of him," she thought. "I never began an experiment that promised so well."

She took from her valise several books she had brought with her from home. Milton's "Paradise Lost," Tennyson's Poems, "Recollections of the Anti-slavery Conflict," and a volume containing the biographies of several eminent men.

When George Felton came into the room again an hour later, he found her poring over these books as if perfectly absorbed.

"You seem interested," he said, standing before her, a wistful look on his face.

"Yes, I am; and so would you be also, if you loved books as I do, Mr. Felton. What do you say to reading these with me? Couldn't you come up here every afternoon for an hour or two?"

"I shall be very glad to do so," he answered, simply. "It is kind of you to think of it, Miss Darcourt."

"I consider it kind of you to be willing to give up so much of your time to me," she returned. "I had begun to think I would be bored to death in this place."

Harry Darcourt looked grave when his sister told him what she had proposed to Felton.

"I won't try to dissuade you from it, Theresa," he said, "but I am afraid you are making a mistake. You will be here only five weeks, and after that what is the poor fellow to do?"

"He will study by himself, of course," answered Theresa. "I will send him books, and he will soon feel that life in Boxborough is not worth living, and will leave for pastures new. There he will make a name and fortune for himself, I know. Harry, I am sure the day will come when I shall be supremely thankful that you were ordered to this place, wretched as it is. There is no higher, nobler work in life than the elevation of the human race."

"Hear, hear!" said Harry; and then, having a large amount of Government business on his mind, he dismissed all thoughts of his sister's experiment.

George Felton kept his word. Regularly every afternoon at two o'clock he appeared at the postmaster's house, and read, studied and talked to Theresa until dusk. And so deeply was the young philanthropist interested in the cultivation of her pupil's mind that it did not occur to her that he had a heart as well, and that constant association with one so attractive as herself was rather dangerous to its peace.

The sudden color that flushed Felton's face when she praised him, the trembling of his hand when by accident it met her own, were scarcely noticed, and the deep interest he took in all she said was ascribed to his intense thirst for knowledge. The idea that he might learn lessons other than those she taught him from books did not enter her mind. The gulf between them was so wide and deep that she never dreamed that he would think of bridging it.

But she was rudely awakened one day to the truth. She was sitting alone, some fancy-work in her hands, and had just glanced at the clock to see how soon she might expect her pupil, when the door opened, without the ceremony of a knock, and a young girl entered.

Theresa recognized her at once. It was the owner of the black eyes which had flashed so indignantly that evening in the schoolhouse. She rose at once.

"Have you called to see Mrs. Dunn?" she asked. "She is in the kitchen."

"No, I haven't called to see Mrs. Dunn," answered the girl, insolently, as she seated herself in a chair near the fire. "I've called to see you, and I ain't goin' ter leave till I've told you what I think of you, neither."

Theresa remained silent, too much surprised at this attack to utter a word.

"I suppose you don't know who I am," continued the girl. "Well, I'm Mattie Collins; and now, I reckon, you understand what I am here for, don't you?"

"No, I do not," answered Theresa, quietly.

"Well, if you don't, you oughter. There's some as might be afeared o' you, with your fine ways an' your harsome clothes, but thar ain't no fearfulness about me. I won't sit by an' see my feller took away from me 'thout sayin' suthin'. I've stood your goin's on for four weeks now, an' I ain't a-goin' ter stand 'em any longer—so thar!"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Theresa, moving towards the door which led into her bedroom, "and I don't care to stay to hear the explanation."

Mattie Collins's face grew crimson. She sprang before Theresa and put her back against the bedroom door.

"You will stay, though," she said. "I mean you to hear every word I came ter say. So you'd better make your mind up to it. I don't stand no foolin', an' I told Sam Cosgrove yestiddy that I meant ter have it out with you, though I ain't so sure as George Felton's with so much talk. But—"

She was interrupted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of George Felton, whose face changed perceptibly as he saw the relative positions of the two women.

Theresa moved towards him at once.

"Mr. Felton," she said, "I must ask your protection against this woman. I think she must be insane."

"Insane?" repeated Mattie, with a harsh laugh. "George'll soon put you out o' thet notion. Why don't you speak up, George, an' tell her you've been promised ter me these two years back. Not that I don't believe she's knowed it all along, though. But there's some women as can't rest quiet when another girl's got a beau."

George Felton had grown deadly pale during this tirade. He scarcely waited its con-

clusion before he advanced to Mattie's side and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"Go!" he said, in a voice smothered with rage—"go at once!"

Mattie cowered under the fierce glare of his wrathful eyes, but she did not move.

"You want ter be alone with her, I suppose," she said, throwing a disdainful glance in Theresa's direction. "You want to have some more fool talk over them books. But I don't go till I've had my say out. I won't sit by an' see her a-roopin' of you in this way. She's a fine lady, she is, ter—"

"Not another word," interrupted George, fairly livid with passion, and in spite of her violent efforts to release herself from his grasp, he succeeded in getting her out of the room and closing the door upon her.

She stood for a moment on the step, as if debating whether she had not better renew the attack; but finally walked off down the road, much to the relief of Felton, who was watching her from the window.

Theresa had sunk upon a chair and covered her face with her hands. She was sobbing from mortification and nervous terror. Never before had she been so grossly insulted.

George Felton gazed at her in silence an instant; the next he was on his knees by her side, his arms about her, his breath on her cheek.

"Theresa! Theresa!" he whispered, in a voice shaken with passion. "Oh, my darling! my darling!"

She started from him as if electrified, a ghastly pallor creeping over her face, a strange look of horror in her eyes.

"No, no!" she cried, in a voice of the keenest pain. "Oh, Mr. Felton, how could you think—how did you dare to think—"

"Of loving you, I suppose you would say," he interrupted, bitterly. "Well, it is a strange thing for me to do, I know. But I loved you from the first hour I met you, I think."

"And—and you were engaged to that girl?" gasped Theresa. "You are engaged to her now?"

"Yes, I am," he answered, "and I am sorry for it; for I can never marry her—now."

"Why not?" demanded Theresa, looking at him with earnest, tear-wet eyes. "I don't like her; but your honor, you know; and you can scarcely expect—"

"To marry you," he said, as she paused. "No, I am not so mad as to expect that," and he laughed harshly. "But after knowing you I cannot marry a woman so greatly your inferior. I should loathe her."

"Mr. Felton, I have done wrong. I see that plainly now," and the girl's head drooped. "I should never have encouraged your coming here; I should never have entered on so close an intimacy with you. But I did not dream for a moment that—that anything so unpleasant could arise from it. I wanted only to show you that you were capable of better things, and that you were wasting your life here in Boxborough. The experiment has ended disastrously."

"It has, indeed!" he returned, sadly; "and yet I do not think I shall ever regret having met you. And I may feel, after a while, that all this was for the best. At all events, you must not let any recollection of me trouble you. I shall never think otherwise than kindly of you, believe that." And he held out his hand to her.

"I shall not see you again, then?" she faltered.

"I think not. We could not meet as we have heretofore done, you see."

He held her hand a moment, looking at her with eyes in which lay a world of pain; then, without another word, he turned and walked away.

Theresa was very glad to hear from her brother that evening that he would be able to arrange his business so as to leave Boxborough the following day. She felt that it would be a great relief to her to know that twenty miles of mountainous country separated her from George Felton, of whom she could not think without pain and self-reproach.

But she said nothing to Harry of her anxiety to be gone, and packed her valise with such apparent indifference that he laughingly accused her of regretting the necessity which compelled it.

"By-the-way," he said, as he was driving her back to Knoxville the next day, "you have not told me anything about your experiment. How did it turn out?"

"Not very well," answered Theresa, in a low voice.

"I didn't suppose it would. I rather thought you overrated that young fellow."

Theresa let this charge pass in silence. She did not care to make a confidant of her brother, and so would not enter into any argument which might lead to embarrassing questions. Not for any consideration imaginable would she have had Harry know that her pupil had presumed to fall in love with her.

Three months later she saw in a Knoxville paper a notice of the marriage of Samuel Cosgrove and Mattie Collins, of Boxborough; but of George Felton she never heard again. Whether he ever recovered from the wound she had given him, whether he continued to pursue the studies he had begun under her direction, she never knew.

When telling her experiences in Tennessee to her friends in Washington, she was always careful to avoid any mention of that very unfortunate experiment.

MINING DISASTERS ILLUSTRATED.

THE recent terrible disaster at the mines near Crested Butte, Colorado, by which over fifty lives were lost, recalls attention to the frequency of casualties of this sort in the Pennsylvania and other mining regions. Official reports show that during the last year there was a total of 1676 casualties in the mines of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, of which 323 resulted fatally,

1,333 persons suffering injuries more or less severe, while 153 were made widows, and 512 children rendered fatherless. Fifty per cent of the casualties were caused by falling roofs and gas explosions, while others resulted from the carelessness of employees and the neglect of mining regulations. Familiarity with danger too often begets entire indifference to most ordinary precautions, and the risks of the miner's calling are, besides, in many cases, increased by the failure of mine owners to provide proper safeguards for the protection of the lives of their workmen. The explosion and loss of life at the Crested Butte mines seem to have been due to both these causes, though carelessness on the part of some of the miners who went with a naked light into a chamber filled with gas was the immediate cause of the disaster.

Our illustrations on page 393 graphically depict the perils of the miner's life, and the terrors and consequences of an ordinary disaster in a mining region. The run for life after an explosion of fire-damp is an incident of only too frequent occurrence in the experience of those who dig for "black diamonds" in the depths of the earth. Dangerous mining shows the operator, from his cleft in the side of a seam of coal, prying loose the great shelving ledges overhead, any one of which, falling suddenly, would grind him to powder. "A Robbed Mine," as shown in our picture, is one which, having been abandoned by the regular operators, has then been entered and "cleaned out" by others, until at last, the supports giving way, it falls into ruin. As for the illustration "A Deserted Village," its counterparts may be found in all portions of the Pennsylvania coal fields.

AMATEUR TOBOGGING.

EVERYBODY imagines that mounting a horse is the easiest thing in the world. Mr. Winkle found out to the contrary, and so do many to their "worriment" and cost. To toboggan is not the most simple of feats. To be sure, anybody can seat himself or herself on a sled and spin down the snow-slide in a flash. Then comes the rub. To be decanted into the snow, if it be soft and plentiful, is charming for once; but if it be hard and lumpy, the sensation of being dumped upon it is essentially bewildering, if not agonizing, for hard snow is particularly hard, and a lump in a snow-bank is of the most obtrusive nature. It requires no little skill to steer a toboggan. The eye and foot must work in electric concert. As the velocity increases with every inch of snow traversed, so must the alert be keener, the operator more watchful. A hair's breadth will make a difference, and once out of control, the toboggan works its own wild will a outrance. Our illustration shows the consequence of miscalculation on the part of the individual who undertook to steer the lee-chariot.

A SNOWSHOE TRAMP IN CANADA.

AMONG the sports of Canada, besides the exciting joys of tobogganing—whereof we of the "States," balanced upon tea-trays in the days of early youth, and on the "bob-sleds" of maturer years, have in a milder degree partaken—there is pre-eminently the "snowshoe tramp"—a form of winter amusement which we know not. When the thermometer is about zero, and the snow-crust hard and glittering—when the wind is still, and the full moon lights up half the night with splendor—these parties of pleasure are in season. Then do a joyous company of young men and maidens, properly matronized, don the fascinating blanket-suits of the snowshoers—the girls in ulsters and coquettish caps to match the costumes of the men—buckle their moccasined feet upon the shoes, and start off for a six-mile march into the country. In advance of the troop has been dispatched a caterer with a smoking hot supper, and at the point of their destination a camp has already been prepared. In some sheltered place, where the drifts are deep and the snow-laden pines stand thick enough to keep off the wind, a circular pit has been dug, some fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, whose walls are as high as a man's shoulder; mounds of snow along the sides, covered thick with blankets and buffalo robes, make comfortable sofas; and in the centre, between four crocheted sticks which support rails for the accommodation of kettles, pots, etc., a huge fire of logs is kindled. By the time the trappers' arrival everything is in readiness, and in they crowd, glowing with their brisk march over the frozen drifts, and all tingling with the electricity of the clear dry frosty air. The fire is roaring hot and bright, and the circle of snowy walls all ruddy and rosy with the flickering glow; above them is the fringe of pines, every twig and needle tasseled with snow or sparkling with icicles, and over all is the blue-black roof of the night sky, damasked with stars, with a great white cold moon hanging midway from the zenith. And then comes the hot supper, with all the satisfying solids and toothsome dainties which Canadian caterers and gastronomes can command; and there are songs, and stories, and laughter; and whispering, no doubt, which is sweeter than laughter—and one may dare assert that that flavor of flirtation is not lacking, without which, in the opinions of a large share of mankind, not even a snowshoe tramp would be quite complete.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Queen Isabella the Catholic.

The magnificent monument erected in honor of Queen Isabella the Catholic, which was inaugurated last year, has been recently completed by the addition of the two superb statues of Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza and Gonzalez Fernandez de Cordova, "The Great Captain." This monument has been put up at the expense of the Municipality of Madrid, and is from the hands of the distinguished sculptor Manuel Oms. The great Queen holds the Cross of Conquest in her right hand—a cross encircled by precious stones of priceless value by Alfonso III. (the Great)—and which is now preserved in the "Camara Santa" of the Cathedral. The attitude of Isabella is admirable, the pose of the head perfect. Don Pedro de Mendoza represents the Church, while Don Gonzalez de Cordova represents the sword, the former having been an archbishop, and the latter a renowned warrior, both having served under Reina Catolica.

The War in the Soudan.

The situation in the Soudan has not undergone any important change during the last fortnight. General Gordon has set out for Khartoum, having visited Assuan en route, and hopes to reach his destination on the 11th instant. Fears are felt in some quarters, however, that he may encounter disaster and fall altogether in his mission. According to an official estimate, there are 18,000 loyal troops at stations between Assuan and Khartoum, 6,000 at Khartoum and 20,000 south of Khartoum. Baker Pasha landed last week with over 3,000 troops at Trinkitat, and an advance for the relief of Tokar was commenced on the 1st instant. In his advance, Baker Pasha had in all 1,400 Egyptian infantry, 300 Egyptian cavalry, 2,040 Sudanese, and 150 Turkish cavalry, four Krupp guns, two Gatlings, and two rockets. Previous to the advance movement, Baker made a cavalry reconnaissance, attacked Osman Digna, and killed and wounded over 120 of his men. Sinkat still holds out against the rebels. Before leaving Assuan, General Gordon sent a letter to El Mahdi asking him to forward the European prisoners in his possession to Khartoum. A refugee from El Obeid, who has arrived at Khartoum, reports that Edmund O'Donovan, the correspondent of the London Daily News, was killed near General Hicks. The rest of the Europeans belonging to General Hicks's army he saw lying dead. After the battle, he says, El Mahdi sold large quantities of watches, rings and the like. Sheikh Obade has summoned Khartoum to surrender in order to avoid bloodshed. The town is quiet, but the soldiers are clamoring for their pay. The arrival of General Gordon is anxiously awaited. The town of Assuan, of which we give an illustration on page 388, lies on the right bank of the Nile, and is remarkable for its commerce, its picturesque situation, and the monuments of antiquity found in its neighborhood. A railway extends from this place to a point above the first cataract of the Nile. The town is an important one to Egypt, and it will, of course, be vigorously defended against the insurgents should they venture to attack it. Our illustration of "Recruits for the Soudan" is not calculated to encourage confidence in the fighting qualities of the Egyptian forces. Recruits who need to be held to duty by the process depicted by the artist can scarcely be depended upon for effective work in the hour of danger or of conflict.

The National Pilgrimage.

Our illustration depicts the national pilgrimage to the Pantheon to the tomb of Victor Emmanuel, which took place at the end of last month. Numerous committees representing the various Italian states were formed in Rome, presided over by persons of high distinction. The representatives of the states met at their quarters upon the morning of the pilgrimage, where they formed in line, striking the procession at a given time and place. The cortege, in mournful solemnity, slowly wended its way to the wondrous Pantheon, and, filing beneath the magnificent dome, prepared for a visit of respect to the tomb wherein repose the mortal remains of "Il Re Galantuomo." The spectacle was a most impressive one. The vast concourse, the draped flags, the impressive silence. Each person in the procession having uttered a *valle* opposite the tomb fell into rank, and the pilgrims, reforming in the grand square, marched back to their respective quarters.

The First English Church in Norway.

The edifice shown in our illustration will soon be dedicated in Christiania, Norway, and will no doubt form an attractive object to tourists visiting that city next summer. It is a somewhat strange fact that the English residents in Norway do not yet possess a church of their own, the service in Christiania having been for years conducted in the hall of the University. The new church is Gothic in architecture, and will hold about a thousand people. Its cost will be some ten thousand pounds, most of which sum has been subscribed by the English residents in Norway.

Anecdotes of General Winfield Scott.

AN old army officer who remembers General Winfield Scott as a tall, fine-looking old man, with white hair, a strict martinet, with a good head and a big heart, gives a correspondent of the Philadelphia Record a story or two about him. In his latter years General Scott was very irascible. A great many people knew that, but few knew that he was always sorry for a hasty word. While he was still at the head of the army, with his office on Seventeenth Street, just opposite the War Department, he was coming out one day to enter his carriage, came in hand. A volunteer orderly, who knew nothing of Scott's views of military propriety, approached him with a letter from a War Department Bureau, which he had been directed to deliver to General Scott at once. The orderly, reckoning nothing of Adjutants general or Chiefs of staff, interpreted his order literally, and hastily giving a careless salute, began: "Oh General, here's a paper I want you to look at before you—". For a moment the proud Commander-in-Chief seemed petrified. Then, raising his cane, he said in a loud voice: "Clear out, sir; clear out of the way." The startled orderly sprang to one side, and the General got into his carriage and was driven away. The soldier then delivered his letter to some one in the office and walked slowly out. General Scott's carriage had not gone thirty rods before it stopped and turned about. The driver, raising his voice, summoned the offending orderly to the door. Trembling in every limb, cap in hand, he approached. General Scott asked his name and regiment. He gave them. "Well, sir," said the General, "report to your Colonel that you were guilty of gross disrespect to General Scott as an officer, and that General Scott was guilty of gross disrespect to you as a man. General Scott begs your pardon. Go to your duty, sir." In 1861 a lady passing the season here was very anxious to get General Scott's autograph. He was very busy, and she found her task very difficult. One day the happy thought struck her that her little ten-year-old daughter might be able in this case to do what she herself could not. So she sent the charming little girl to the General's office with the autograph album. The orderly told her that she could not see the busy General. She would not be denied. She would wait, she said. At the end of half an hour the orderly took her request to the Adjutant. The latter admitted her, but told her she could not possibly see the General. She said she must. At last the Adjutant showed her the door leading to General Scott's office, and told her she could go in if she dared. Taking him at his word, she marched right in. This is her description of the call given at the time: "I was afraid at first when he looked up; but as soon as he saw it was only me he said right pleasantly, 'Well, little girl, what do you want?' and I told him my ma wanted him to write his name in her book; and he looked sharp at me, and then smiled a little bit, and shook hands with me and asked me who my ma was, and I told him, and I told him my pa was in the army, and ma was all alone with me, and then he just kissed my cheek and wrote in ma's book and said 'good-morning' to me, and I came out, and nobody did hurt me at all." This is what he wrote: "Treason is the greatest crime.—Winfield Scott."

"Are You Going to Kiss Me?"

A FLORIDA correspondent of the Belfast (Maine) Journal has had an experience which he thus describes: "If ever I go into a new locality again, I will study up my geography better than I did this time; for my ignorance got me into a most uncomfortable position. As the boat neared Sanford, I was standing with others on the deck, when a very pretty young lady came up to me, and with a sweet smile on her face, looked into mine with a pair of lovely eyes, and asked: 'Are you going to kiss me, sir?' If some one had offered to lend me ten dollars I could not have been more surprised, and scarcely knowing what to say, and in order to gain a little time, I gasped out, 'Pardon, miss, what did you ask?' I felt that she knew I heard her, but she said, sweetly, 'Are you going to kiss me to-night?' There was no misunderstanding her this time. I heard her, and so did others, and I felt the blood rushing into my face, and I stammered out, 'I would like to accommodate you, miss; I would truly; but I have a wife and thirteen small children on board with me, and if my wife should see me kissing you—'. 'Kissing me?' you hateful old thing! Who asked you to kiss me?' 'You did,' I yelled; 'you asked me twice!' 'You old fool, I asked you if you were going to kiss me.—Kiss me to-night; don't you know anything?' and off she went, and if ever anybody felt meaner than I did, I would like to exchange photographs with him."

Facts of Interest.

PERMISSION to erect a monument to Luther at Riga has been refused by the Russian authorities.

TO TEST the legality of lottery sales in Virginia, the Commonwealth is suing the Dismal Swamp Lottery Company in Petersburg.

THE Supreme Court of Minnesota has sustained the validity of the biennial amendments to the Constitution of the State adopted by the vote of the people at the recent election, the point at issue being the terms of various State and County officers and their salaries.

IN West Barry County, Michigan, some days since, the country seemed as if strewn with thousands of large snow-balls, or snow-rolls, resembling a lady's muff in size and shape, though varying from three to eleven inches in diameter, and from four to eighteen inches in length. Through each of these seeming snow-balls was an aperture near the centre which varied with the size of the ball. The phenomenon is supposed to have been caused by the south wind, which blew at the time.

PLANS and drawings of a palace car for the white elephant and suite of religious attendants, which is advertised to visit this country next summer, have been submitted to Barnum, Baily and Hutchinson, the circus proprietors. The car will be divided into three sections, and will be mounted upon elastic springs, attached to six-wheel trucks. The middle section, which will contain the sacred beast, will be padded and otherwise fitted up to meet the ideas of both the elephant and the tribe of devotees who are said to accompany him. Another section will be filled with idols and statues, and the third will be reserved as sleeping-apartments for the high priests and others who attend the movements of the spirit of Buddha. The interior of the car will be a symphony of gorgeous colors and fantastic carvings.

THE number of French-speaking inhabitants in British North America is 1,298,929, of whom 1,073,820 are in the province of Quebec, 102,743 in Ontario, 55,635 in New Brunswick, 41,219 in Nova Scotia, 10,751 in Prince Edward's Island, 9,949 in Manitoba, 2,896 in the territories, and 916 in British Columbia. The French population in the province of Quebec increases, while the English-speaking population is decreasing.

THE trade in frozen meat from the Australasian colonies of England has advanced within three years to a most important condition. In 1880 only 400 carcasses were imported, while in 1883 no fewer than 193,645 were landed in England, 62,733 from Australia and 129,732 from New Zealand. Twenty-one cargoes arrived in a perfectly satisfactory condition, seven were not quite so good, and three were bad. Colonial mutton is in greater demand than colonial beef.

THE long dead-lock in the administration of the estate of James Lick, the California millionaire, has at last been broken, and there are signs that the trustees will begin to carry out the provisions of the will of the deceased philanthropist. At a late meeting of the trustees it was decided to pay several large legacies to benevolent institutions, and a proposition to lend \$150,000 to the Society of California Pioneers, one of the legatees under the Lick will, was favorably reported upon by a sub-committee. It was also agreed that proposals for the erection of a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," should be advertised for. Mr. Lick appropriated \$60,000 for this purpose, the monument to be of bronze and to be erected in one of the San Francisco parks.

THE members of the English royal family are careful to refrain from talking politics. The Queen's sons are the leaders of society, but are never seen at a political meeting or dinner. They abstain from voting in the House of Lords whenever by giving their votes they might be showing the slightest preference for either party. The late Prince Albert once took the liberty at a public dinner to allude to politics. The papers of the following day handled him so severely that he was quite cured, and never ventured on the subject again. The Englishman likes everybody to keep his proper place, and if the royal family were to take it in their heads to meddle in politics, their days in the country might be numbered.

GOVERNOR BOURN of Rhode Island, in his annual message to the Legislature, calls attention to the laxity of the divorce laws of the State. He says: "The proportion of divorces to marriages is constantly increasing. In 1882 there was one divorce to every 917 marriages, and when we consider that probably one-third of our population are adherents of the Roman Catholic Church (in which divorces are not recognized for any cause), the proportion of divorces becomes absolutely startling. For the ten years ending December 31st, 1882 there were 2,824 applications for divorce in the State, of which 2,201 were granted. The large majority of these divorces were granted without opposition, and therefore upon *ex parte* depositions, which are practically only such depositions of interested parties as would make a *prima facie* case. Though the law provides that no divorce shall be granted if it shall appear that there is collusion between the parties, yet it is a well-known fact that in a large number of cases there is actual collusion, though it may not be brought to the attention of the Court." The Governor recommends, as tending in some degree to prevent the granting of divorces by collusion, that applicants be compelled to produce their witnesses in open court to give their testimony in all cases where this course is practicable.

Death-roll of the Week.

JANUARY 26TH.—At Lexington, ex-Governor John Leitch, known as the War Governor of Virginia, aged 70 years; at Waukesha, Wis., Joseph Bond, the first member of Congress from that State after its admission to the Union, aged 83 years; at Paterson, N. J., Charles Barton, a leading silk-manufacturer, aged 65 years; in New York city, Selig S. Fisher, a well-known woolen manufacturer and capitalist, January 27th.—At Newark, N. J., Joseph A. Halsey, for forty-seven years president of a leading banking institution of the city, aged 90 years; in New York city, Dr. John B. Wood, a well-known journalist, aged 56 years. January 28th.—In Washington, D. C., Hon. Edward W. Mackey, member of Congress from the Seventh District of South Carolina, aged 38 years; at Göttingen, Germany, Professor Ernst Frederick Wilhelm Klinkerfues, the distinguished astronomer, aged 57 years. January 29th.—In Paris, Augustin Alexander Dumont, the French sculptor, aged 83 years; in Paris, Auguste Leloir, the French painter, aged 75 years; at Baltimore, Md., Orlando F. Bump, a well-known lawyer, aged 43 years; in New York city, Captain Leonard D. Shaw, one of the best and most widely-known navigators of the old school, aged 80 years. January 30th.—In New York city Charles B. Walker, Vice-President of the Broadway National Bank, aged 80 years. January 31st.—In London, England, John Henry Parker, a distinguished author, and Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, aged 78 years; in Paris, Gaudier de Rumilly, a life Senator and conspicuous politician, aged 92 years; in New York, Robert B. Dean, Superintendent of the Samaritan Home for the Aged, aged 86 years. February 1st.—At Mauch Chunk, Pa., Harry E. Packer, President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, aged 34 years; at Rome, Italy, Right Rev. Louis E. Hostlot, Rector of the American College; at Westeraes, Sweden, Bishop Carl Olof Björling, aged 80 years; at Concord, N. H., Hon. William Butterfield, a former journalist, and at the time of his death, Secretary of the State Board of Equalization, aged 67 years; at Fernwood, Pa., Rev. Fennell Coombe, a prominent Methodist divine, aged 76 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—NEW LONDON, Conn., is the only town in New England which imposes a tax upon commercial travelers. Every drummer has to pay a tax of five dollars for the privilege of drumming there.

—A SUBSTANTIAL pledge of peace has been offered by the Apaches at San Carlos Agency in the persons of fifty-five of their children, who have just been sent to the Carlisle Training School in Pennsylvania.

—ADVICES from Canton, China, state that the American Presbyterian and Roman Catholic Mission establishments in that city were wrecked by a native mob on December 16th. The property was destroyed, but no lives were taken.

—It is stated that in 1875, when William B. Astor died, he had 720 houses on his rent-roll. The present number of Astor houses exceeds 1,200, the whole estate being valued at about \$50,000,000, producing an income of \$3,000,000 a year.

—THE American fishing fleet at Fortune Bay are reaping a splendid harvest. A dispatch from Long Harbor gives a list of twenty vessels of the fleet that report from 600 to 800 barrels each of frozen herring. This comprises the total list of the Gloucester fleet accounted for.

—THE champion oyster-eater lives in Stapleton, S. I. His latest record is the consumption of 300 raw oysters, five pounds of crackers, five pounds of roast beef, and twelve schooners of lager beer, at one sitting and after ten hours of fasting. And for this attack on his digestive organs he won ten dollars.

—THE Senate Committee on Foreign Relations have reported against the resolution for abrogating the Hawaiian Reciprocity Treaty on the general ground that the relation which the treaty establishes with the Hawaiian Kingdom is of too great political and commercial importance to this country not to be continued.

—CUPID laughs at law as well as locks. An Ohio girl of fourteen wanted to get married, but the law requiring that the bride shall be over eighteen years of age stood in her way. Her ingenuity, however, overcame this impediment to her marriage. She put the figures 18 into her shoe, and as she stood to answer the clerk's question she quietly said: "I am over 18." The marriage license was granted, and the pair are hiding from an irate mother.

—THE Sultan of Turkey, not content with borrowing from day to day to defray the daily expenses of his palace at ruinously exorbitant rates, and in the face of a deficit of \$30,000,000 in a budget of \$80,000,000, has just increased his Grand Vizier's salary from \$750 to \$3,750 per month, and that of all the other Ministers from \$600 to \$1,500 per month. Thus the Prime Minister of the poorest and most hopelessly bankrupt state in Europe receives \$20,000 per annum more than the Prime Minister of England.

—RECENTLY George Scott "the king of the tramps," was charged with begging at Pickering, England. He had on four coats and two vests; attached to one coat were two rings and a thimble, denoting his royal dignity, and on another were seventy-eight buttons, indicating his age. In his possession was a very large and varied assortment of buttons, including some belonging to various police forces and those of most foreign countries, and also a wooden spoon, which appeared to be a souvenir of Durham Jail.

—THE magnificent fleet of ironclads which the Italian Government completed a few years ago at an immense cost proves to be much less formidable than was anticipated. It seems that their draught of water was miscalculated, and that they cannot carry their heavy guns with turret without sinking too deeply. Their armament will, therefore, have to be changed, and the turrets be replaced by lighter ones. This will expose them considerably more to the fire of an enemy and greatly lessen their capacity for attack or resistance.

—A NUMBER of New York capitalists have recently organized a stock company for the purpose of advancing the cause of cremation in New York city and its vicinity. The movement has its origin in a belief that the desire to be cremated is more popular than is usually supposed, and steadily growing, and, furthermore, that ultimately cremation will become a sanitary necessity in New York and all large cities. It is asserted that by the method of cremation the ashes of an ordinary human body can be reduced, by compression, to the size of a small apple or turnip.

—THE Russian journal *Siberia* announces that on a visit just made by the Governor-general to the prisons at Tomsk this high functionary was presented with 300 petitions contesting the legality of the detention of the petitioners. The complaints of 200 out of the 300 submitted have been declared by the Governor-general to be well founded, and the writers have been liberated. This incident furnishes a sad proof of the want of penal reform in Russia, where, as in this instance, 200 unfortunate persons have been illegally detained and their liberty dependent upon the casual visit of a new Governor-general.

—THE Corcoran Gallery, Washington, now owns 198 paintings. Nine pictures have been added during the last year to the gallery. There are besides thirty-one pictures exhibited not owned by the gallery. The sculpture and bronze galleries have received valuable additions, and statues of Marillo, Canova and Crawford, by Mr. Ezekiel, intended for the three vacant outside niches, are expected to arrive soon. For the front of the building the same sculptor is engaged in preparing the bronze decorations for the pediment to hold a profile medallion of Mr. Corcoran, and other decorations for the tops of the columns.

—THE Constitutional Convention of Montana is engaged in framing a State Constitution for that Territory. The article on corporations provides that the Legislature shall control the rates of freight and passenger on railroads operating in the State, and that railroads shall not discriminate in charges or facilities of transportation; that no corporation shall issue stock or bonds except for labor or services performed or money or property actually received; that any foreign corporation doing business in the State shall have an agent upon whom process may be served; that no corporations shall be released from liabilities for injuries sustained by employees through negligence of a company, or make an agreement to that effect with its employees.

—DURING the year 1883 there were 1,576 casualties in the mines of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania. Of these 323 resulted fatally, making 153 widows and rendering fatherless 512 children. Falling roofs and gas explosions caused about fifty per cent of the casualties. In the Wilkesbarre district eighteen deaths were caused by persons falling down shafts that had not begun to produce coal. There was a noticeable increase in the number of door-boys killed during the year over the year 1882. Many accidents are due to direct carelessness of employees caused by the neglect of mining regulations, which, if properly enforced by mining bosses, would no doubt save many of the lives now annually lost. Under the present system the mining bosses have too many duties upon their hands, which it is hoped the Board of Commissioners appointed by Governor Pattison to revise the mine and ventilation laws of the anthracite region will take cognizance of and make such changes as have long been necessary.

TOO LATE.

SHE went by the downs where furze grow thick and red,
Through meadows sweet.
The pitying stars shone softly overhead
To guide her feet.
As if for Life's sweet sake she hurried on;
After long hours
She saw against the first low light of dawn
Her false love's towers.

"I came, dear heart; I could no longer stay,"
She, weeping, said;
And on his door-stone, in the dawning gray,
She laid her head.
Ah, fair young head! so bright, thus lying prone,
With loosened hair,
One lovely cheek pressed on the threshold-stone,
She waited there.

A little hurried sobbing now and then,
As of a child
Fallen asleep amid its tears. Again
A murmur wild—
Half-cry, half-moan. And then, as if she dreamed,
With measured breath,
The solemn stillness of the morning seemed
Like hush of death.

At last, at long, long last, the opening door!
A heavy tread
Of strong, sure footsteps on the echoing floor—
She raised her head,
Pushed back the fallen curtain of her hair;
—With sweeping pall
Her love passed—outward borne 'mid psalm and
prayer,
And—that was all!

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

THERESA DARCOURT'S EXPERIMENT.

BY FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

THERESA DARCOURT was wholly devoted to her brother Harry, and when his duties as a special examiner of pension claims led him to Tennessee, she bravely followed him, though she knew to what deprivations and inconveniences she would be subjected.

Darcourt went first to Knoxville, and from there to Boxborough, a little hamlet of perhaps fifty houses, nestling right at the foot of a mountain. The postmaster, who owned the only house in the place which could boast a coat of paint, took the examiner and his sister in, and tried his best to make them comfortable. But Theresa thought it a poor best; for the fare set before them was of the coarsest, cheapest kind, the beds were guiltless of sheets, and the cold winter air penetrated the thin walls of the bedroom assigned her until she felt as if in an ice-house.

"How am I to endure life here for even five weeks?" she thought, when her brother told her that he would probably be obliged to remain for that length of time in Boxborough. "I shall die of simple inaction."

But she did not say anything of the sort to Harry, who was rather inclined to laugh at the peculiarities of their accommodations, and was of far too amiable a disposition to complain of them.

"You will have a chance here to study the habits and manners of the native Tennessean, Theresa," he said, "and your experiences may be sufficiently novel and varied to fill the minds of all your friends with envy when you return to civilization."

"I shall get all I can out of my stay here, you may be sure of that," said Theresa. "I intend to go to that ten-cent entertainment in the schoolhouse to-night, if you'll take me."

"Certainly I will," said Harry; "but I am afraid you will find it vastly different from any exhibition you ever attended in Washington."

"I suppose so," said Theresa. "I'm prepared for anything."

But she was scarcely prepared to find that the entertainment consisted solely of coarse comic songs, sung in a loud bass voice by a one-armed man with a fiddle.

"This is awful—positively awful!" she whispered to Harry, at the conclusion of ten verses about a young man whose sweetheart's father had set a dog on him, thereby causing him to lose a very important part of his raiment. "I wonder if he has many more like that in his repertoire."

And then she tried not to listen, and began to look about her. She had an excellent chance to study the faces of the Boxboroughites, for they had turned out *en masse*, and filled every seat in the house. The women, with few exceptions, wore calico, sate sun-bonnets, gaudy shawls, and homespun or calico dresses.

All the older ones looked dull and careworn, as though the burdens of life had borne heavily upon them—as indeed they had, for the life of a woman in the country districts of Tennessee is not an enviable one. She is obliged to work early and late, both in the house and field, is poorly fed and meagrely clothed, and her children are legion.

The majority of the men were rough, hearty-looking fellows, who laughed loudly at all the jokes perpetrated by the one-armed singer, and seemed to enjoy the entertainment vastly.

In one corner, sitting rather back from view, was a young fellow who seemed to Theresa rather above his companions, in appearance at least.

He was of fair complexion, though a little tanned from exposure to the sun, and his straight, yellow hair was cropped close to a finely-formed head. His eyes were so dark a blue as to look extremely black at a short distance, and a long, light-brown mustache shaded a mouth as sensitive as a woman's.

Theresa looked at him long and earnestly. "It seems to me that young man is worth attention," she thought. "Something might be made of him if some one would only take him up."

Turning a little, she happened to meet the gaze of a pair of flashing black eyes belonging to a young girl who sat on one of the side seats just opposite the young man who had aroused Theresa's interest.

The black eyes looked indignant, and Theresa saw at once that she had in some way incurred their owner's enmity; but how, she could not imagine.

The girl turned away her head with an angry jerk when she saw she was observed, and fastened her gaze upon the one-armed singer; but Theresa continued to look at her, wondering who she was.

She was better-looking than most of the women about her, and was better dressed; but there was nothing of refinement or delicacy in her face.

She laughed as heartily as the men at the songs and jokes, and was evidently highly pleased when the performer, retiring behind a calico curtain stretched across one corner of the room, reappeared after a few moments dressed as a negro woman, his face and hands liberally covered with burnt cork.

In this garb he sang several sentimental ditties, and then declared the entertainment at an end.

"Well, how did you enjoy it?" asked Darcourt, as he left the schoolhouse with his sister, and, with the aid of a lantern, began picking his way toward the postmaster's dwelling a quarter of a mile distant.

"How can you ask, Harry? It was a wonder to me that the audience did not rise in a body and turn the man out."

"The audience, with the exception of ourselves, had never seen or heard anything better, probably."

"More the pity," said Theresa. "I wish I could show them something better; it would be an act of mercy."

"I don't agree with you," said Darcourt. "You would only make them discontented, since their lives are cast where anything better in the way of amusement than we had to-night is never likely to come in their way. Why put them out of conceit with their few pleasures?"

"You may be right; but all the same I would like to try the experiment—on one of them at least. There was a young man there whose face interested me very much. He sat in one corner, to the left of the teacher's desk. Did you notice him? He had on a blue flannel shirt, and was very good-looking."

"Oh, you mean George Felton," said Darcourt. "Yes, I saw he was there. He is rather good-looking. He is one of the witnesses for the claim of Nathaniel Brooks. He will be up to see me to-morrow, and you will have a chance to talk to him."

"I shall improve it, you may be sure," said Theresa. "I shall find out if his character corresponds with his appearance."

"If it does, I suppose you will experiment on him; teach him 'something better than he has known,' eh?" said Darcourt, laughing.

"Nothing more likely," answered his sister. "I must find something to do here, or time will hang very heavily on my hands. An experiment of that sort would interest me at least."

"Remember the fable of the boy and the frogs," said Darcourt. "It was fun for that boy to throw stones, but it was death to the poor frogs."

"Nonsense, Harry. If I do try my experiment on Mr. Felton, he will have every reason to bless the day that brought me to Boxborough," said Theresa.

She was in the postmaster's sitting-room, searching a box of papers for a letter her brother wanted when George Felton came in the next morning. Harry was engaged with several other witnesses, and after introducing the young fellow to Theresa, went into the next room to continue the taking of testimony, sublimely indifferent to anything else.

George Felton was evidently pleased at having received an introduction to the examiner's sister. And she saw this at once, and it inclined her favorably towards him. Like all women, she liked to be admired, and even the admiration of an uncultivated, awkward young Tennessean was pleasant to her.

But she did not imagine how very deeply she impressed George Felton. Her manner, appearance and dress were so very different from those of the women with whom he habitually associated that she held a peculiar charm for him all her own. And she was so cordial and talkative that he felt at his ease almost immediately, and entered into conversation with her without a trace of embarrassment.

By means of a pleasant exhibition of interest in him, and judicious questioning, Theresa soon drew from him the history of his life—a very simple, unexciting one, as may be supposed. He had received only a common-school education, subscribed for no newspapers, and had never thought of leaving Boxborough, nor of striking out into a wider field of action. He had a mother and two sisters, and he lived with them, and tilled the land left him by his father.

The more Theresa talked to him the more interested she became in him. Here was soil, she thought, which would repay cultivation, and she determined that the experiment of which she had spoken to her brother should be tried.

She began by telling the young man something of her own life, and painted in glowing language the pleasures of society and the advantages to be derived from a residence in a large city. She told of fortunes made by men who had begun at the very foot of the ladder, and she spoke of music, art and the drama.

George Felton listened eagerly to everything she said, his bright, blue eyes scarcely leaving her face for an instant, and when at length they were interrupted by the entrance of Darcourt, he asked if he might see her again after his testimony had been taken.

Theresa answered in the affirmative, secretly gratified that she had so thoroughly aroused his interest.

"In five weeks I can make a different man of him," she thought. "I never began an experiment that promised so well."

She took from her valise several books she had brought with her from home. Milton's "Paradise Lost," Tennyson's Poems, "Recollections of the Anti-slavery Conflict," and a volume containing the biographies of several eminent men.

When George Felton came into the room again an hour later, he found her poring over these books as if perfectly absorbed.

"You seem interested," he said, standing before her, a wistful look on his face.

"Yes, I am; and so would you be also, if you loved books as I do, Mr. Felton. What do you say to reading these with me? Couldn't you come up here every afternoon for an hour or two?"

"I shall be very glad to do so," he answered, simply. "It is kind of you to think of it, Miss Darcourt."

"I consider it kind of you to be willing to give up so much of your time to me," she returned. "I had begun to think I would be bored to death in this place."

Harry Darcourt looked grave when his sister told him what she had proposed to Felton.

"I won't try to dissuade you from it, Theresa," he said, "but I am afraid you are making a mistake. You will be here only five weeks, and after that what is the poor fellow to do?"

"He will study by himself, of course," answered Theresa. "I will send him books, and he will soon feel that life in Boxborough is not worth living, and will leave for pastures new. There he will make a name and fortune for himself, I know. Harry, I am sure the day will come when I shall be supremely thankful that you were ordered to this place, wretched as it is. There is no higher, nobler work in life than the elevation of the human race."

"Hear, hear!" said Harry; and then, having a large amount of Government business on his mind, he dismissed all thoughts of his sister's experiment.

George Felton kept his word. Regularly every afternoon at two o'clock he appeared at the postmaster's house, and read, studied and talked to Theresa until dusk. And so deeply was the young philanthropist interested in the cultivation of her pupil's mind that it did not occur to her that he had a heart as well, and that constant association with one so attractive as herself was rather dangerous to its peace.

The sudden color that flushed Felton's face when she praised him, the trembling of his hand when by accident it met her own, were scarcely noticed, and the deep interest he took in all she said was ascribed to his intense thirst for knowledge. The idea that he might learn lessons other than those she taught him from books did not enter her mind. The gulf between them was so wide and deep that she never dreamed that he would think of bridging it.

But she was rudely awakened one day to the truth. She was sitting alone, some fancy-work in her hands, and had just glanced at the clock to see how soon she might expect her pupil, when the door opened, without the ceremony of a knock, and a young girl entered.

Theresa recognized her at once. It was the owner of the black eyes which had flashed so indignantly that evening in the schoolhouse. She rose at once.

"Have you called to see Mrs. Dunn?" she asked. "She is in the kitchen."

"No, I haven't called to see Mrs. Dunn," answered the girl, insolently, as she seated herself in a chair near the fire. "I've called to see you, and I ain't goin' ter leave till I've told you what I think of you, neither."

Theresa remained silent, too much surprised at this attack to utter a word.

"I suppose you don't know who I am," continued the girl. "Well, I'm Mattie Collins; and now, I reckon, you understand what I am here for, don't you?"

"No, I do not," answered Theresa, quietly.

"Well, if you don't, you oughter. There's some as might be afeared o' you, with your fine ways an' your harsome clothes, but thar ain't no fearfulness about me. I won't sit by an' see my feller took away from me 'thout sayin' suthin'. I've stood your goin's on for four weeks now, an' I ain't a-goin' ter stand 'em any longer—so there!"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said Theresa, moving towards the door which led into her bedroom, "and I don't care to stay to hear the explanation."

Mattie Collins's face grew crimson. She sprang before Theresa and put her back against the bedroom-door.

"You will stay, though," she said. "I mean you to hear every word I came ter say. So you'd better make your mind up to it. I don't stand no foolin', an' I told Sam Cosgrove yestiddy that I meant ter have it out with you, though I ain't so sure as George Felton's with so much talk. But—"

She was interrupted by the opening of the door, and the entrance of George Felton, whose face changed perceptibly as he saw the relative positions of the two women.

Theresa moved towards him at once.

"Mr. Felton," she said, "I must ask your protection against this woman. I think she must be insane."

"Insane?" repeated Mattie, with a harsh laugh. "George'll soon put you out o' that notion. Why don't you speak up, George, an' tell her you've been promised ter me these two years back. Not that I don't believe she's knowed it all along, though. But there's some women as can't rest quiet when another girl's got a beau."

George Felton had grown deadly pale during this tirade. He scarcely waited his con-

clusion before he advanced to Mattie's side and laid his hand heavily on her shoulder.

"Go!" he said, in a voice smothered with rage—"go at once!"

Mattie cowered under the fierce glare of his wrathful eyes, but she did not move.

"You want ter be alone with her, I suppose," she said, throwing a disdainful glance in Theresa's direction. "You want to have some more fool talk over them books. But I don't go till I've had my say out. I won't sit by an' see her a-roopin' of you in this way. She's a fine lady, she is, ter—"

"Not another word," interrupted George, fairly livid with passion, and in spite of her violent efforts to release herself from his grasp, he succeeded in getting her out of the room and closing the door upon her.

She stood for a moment on the step, as if debating whether she had not better renew the attack; but finally walked off down the road, much to the relief of Felton, who was watching her from the window.

Theresa had sunk upon a chair and covered her face with her hands. She was sobbing from mortification and nervous terror. Never before had she been so grossly insulted.

George Felton gazed at her in silence an instant; the next he was on his knees by her side, his arms about her, his breath on her cheek.

"Theresa! Theresa!" he whispered, in a voice shaken with passion. "Oh, my darling! my darling!"

She started from him as if electrified, a ghastly pallor creeping over her face, a strange look of horror in her eyes.

"No, no!" she cried, in a voice of the keenest pain. "Oh, Mr. Felton, how could you think—how did you dare to think—"

"Of loving you, I suppose you would say," he interrupted, bitterly. "Well, it is a strange thing for me to do, I know. But I loved you from the first hour I met you, I think."

"And—and you were engaged to that girl?" gasped Theresa. "You are engaged to her now?"

"Yes, I am," he answered, "and I am sorry for it; for I can never marry her—now."

"Why not?" demanded Theresa, looking at him with earnest, tear-wet eyes. "I don't like her; but your honor, you know; and you can scarcely expect—"

"To marry you," he said, as she paused. "No, I am not so mad as to expect that," and he laughed harshly. "But after knowing you I cannot marry a woman so greatly your inferior. I should loathe her."

"Mr. Felton, I have done wrong. I see that plainly now," and the girl's head drooped. "I should never have encouraged your coming here; I should never have entered on so close an intimacy with you. But I did not dream for a moment that—that anything so unpleasant could arise from it. I wanted only to show you that you were capable of better things, and that you were wasting your life here in Boxborough. The experiment has ended disastrously."

"It has, indeed!" he returned, sadly; "and yet I do not think I shall ever regret having met you. And I may feel, after a while, that all this was for the best. At all events, you must not let any recollection of me trouble you. I shall never think otherwise than kindly of you, believe that." And he held out his hand to her.

"I shall not see you again, then?" she faltered.

"I think not. We could not meet as we have heretofore done, you see."

He held her hand a moment, looking at her with eyes in which lay a world of pain; then, without another word, he turned and walked away.

Theresa was very glad to hear from her brother that evening that he would be able to arrange his business so as to leave Boxborough the following day. She felt that it would be a great relief to her to know that twenty miles of mountainous country separated her from George Felton, of whom she could not think without pain and self-reproach.

But she said nothing to Harry of her anxiety to be gone, and packed her valise with such apparent indifference that he laughingly accused her of regretting the necessity which compelled it.

"By-the-way," he said, as he was driving her back to Knoxville the next day, "you have not told me anything about your experiment. How did it turn out?"

"Not very well," answered Theresa, in a low voice.

"I didn't suppose it would. I rather thought you overrated that young fellow."

Theresa let this charge pass in silence. She did not care to make a confidant of her brother, and so would not enter into any argument which might lead to embarrassing questions. Not for any consideration imaginable would she have had Harry know that her pupil had presumed to fall in love with her.

Three months later she saw in a Knoxville paper a notice of the marriage of Samuel Cosgrove and Mattie Collins, of Boxborough; but of George Felton she never heard again.

Whether he ever recovered from the wound she had given him, whether he continued to pursue the studies he had begun under her direction, she never knew.

When telling her experiences in Tennessee to her friends in Washington, she was always careful to avoid any mention of that very unfortunate experiment.

MINING DISASTERS ILLUSTRATED.

THE recent terrible disaster at the mines near Crested Butte, Colorado, by which over fifty lives were lost, recalls attention to the frequency of casualties of this sort in the Pennsylvania and other mining regions. Official reports show that during the last year there was a total of 1676 casualties in the mines of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, of which 223 resulted fatally,

1,333 persons suffering injuries more or less severe, while 153 wives were made widows, and 512 children rendered fatherless. Fifty per cent of the casualties were caused by falling roofs and gas explosions, while others resulted from the carelessness of employees and the neglect of mining regulations. Familiarity with danger too often begets entire indifference to most ordinary precautions, and the risks of the miner's calling are, besides, in many cases, increased by the failure of mine owners to provide proper safeguards for the protection of the lives of their workmen. The explosion and loss of life at the Crested Butte mines seem to have been due to both these causes, the carelessness on the part of some of the miners who went with a naked light into a chamber filled with gas was the immediate cause of the disaster.

Our illustrations on page 393 graphically depict the perils of the miner's life, and the terrors and consequences of an ordinary disaster in a mining region. The run for life after an explosion of fire-damp is an incident of only too frequent occurrence in the experience of those who dig for "black diamonds" in the depths of the earth. "Dangerous mining" shows the operator, from his cleft in the side of a seam of coal, prying loose the great shelving ledges overhead, any one of which, falling suddenly, would grind him to powder. "A Robbed Mine," as shown in our picture, is one which, having been abandoned by the regular operators, has then been entered and "cleaned out" by others, until at last, the supports giving way, it falls into ruin. As for the illustration "A Deserted Village," its counterparts may be found in all portions of the Pennsylvania coal fields.

AMATEUR TOBOGGING.

EVERYBODY imagines that mounting a horse is the easiest thing in the world. Mr. Winkle found out to the contrary, and so do many to their "worriment" and cost. Toboggin is not the most simple of feats. To be sure, anybody can seat himself or herself on a sled and spin down the snow-slide in a flash. Then comes the rub. To be decanted into the snow, if it be soft and plentiful, is charming for once; but if it be hard and lumpy, the sensation of being dumped upon it is essentially bewildering, if not agonizing, for hard snow is particularly hard, and a lump in a snow-bank is of the most obtrusive nature. It requires no little skill to steer a toboggan. The eye and foot must work in electric concert. As the velocity increases with every inch of snow traversed, so must the alert be keener, the operator more watchful. A hair's breadth will make a difference, and once out of control, the toboggan works its own wild will a *courtesy*. Our illustration shows the consequence of miscalculation on the part of the individual who undertook to steer the ice-chariot.

A SNOWSHOE TRAMP IN CANADA.

AMONG the sports of Canada, besides the exciting joys of tobogganing—whereof we of the "States," balanced upon tea trays in the days of early youth, and on the "bob-sleds" of maturer years, have in a milder degree partaken—there is pre-eminently the "snowshoe tramp"—a form of winter amusement which we know not. When the thermometer is about zero, and the snow-crust hard and glittering—when the wind is still, and the full moon lights up half the night with splendor—these parties of pleasure are in season. Then do a joyous company of young men and maidens, properly matronized, don the fascinating blanket-suits of the snowshoers—the girls in ulsters and coquettish caps to match the costumes of the men—buckle their moccasined feet upon the shoes, and start off for a six-mile march into the country. In advance of the troop has been dispatched a caterer with a smoking-hot supper, and at the point of their destination a camp has already been prepared. In some sheltered place, where the drifts are deep and the snow-laden pines stand thick enough to keep off the wind, a circular pit has been dug, some fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, whose walls are as high as a man's shoulder; mounds of snow along the sides, covered thick with blankets and buffalo robes, make comfortable sofas; and in the center, between four crocheted sticks which support rails for the accommodation of kettles, pots, etc., a huge fire of logs is kindled. By the time of the trappers' arrival everything is in readiness, and in they crowd, glowing with their brisk march over the frozen drifts, and all tingling with the electricity of the clear dry frosty air. The fire is roaring hot and bright, and the circle of snowy walls all ruddy and rosy with the flickering glow; above them is the fringe of pines, every twig and needle tasseled with snow or sparkling with icicles, and over all is the blue-black roof of the night sky, diamonded with stars, with a great white cold moon hanging midway from the zenith. And then comes the hot supper, with all the satisfying solids and toothsome dainties which Canadian caterers and gastronomers can command; and there are songs, and stories, and laughter; and whispering, no doubt, which is sweeter than laughter—and one may dare assert that that flavor of flirtation is not lacking, without which, in the opinions of a large share of mankind, not even a snowshoe tramp would be quite complete.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Queen Isabella the Catholic.

The magnificent monument erected in honor of Queen Isabella the Catholic, which was inaugurated last year, has been recently completed by the addition of the two superb statues of Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza and Gonzalez Fernandez de Cordova, "The Great Captain." This monument has been put up at the expense of the Municipality of Madrid, and is from the hands of the distinguished sculptor Manuel Oms. The great Queen holds the Cross of Conquest in her right hand—a cross enriched by precious stones of priceless value by Alfonso III. (the Great)—and which is now preserved in the "Camara Santa" of the Cathedral. The attitude of Isabella is admirable, the pose of the head perfect. Don Pedro de Mendoza represents the Church, while Don Gonzalez de Cordova represents the sword, the former having been an archbishop, and the latter a renowned warrior, both having served under Reina Catolica.

The War in the Soudan.

The situation in the Soudan has not undergone any important change during the last fortnight. General Gordon has set out for Khartoum, having visited Assouan *en route*, and hopes to reach his destination on the 11th instant. Fear is felt in some quarters, however, that he may encounter disaster and fall altogether in his mission. According to an official estimate, there are 18,000 loyal troops at stations between Assouan and Khartoum, 6,000 at Khartoum and 20,000 south of Khartoum. Baker Pasha landed last week with over 3,000 troops at Trinitat, and an advance for the relief of Tokar was commenced on the 1st instant. In his advance, Baker Pasha had in all 1,400 Egyptian infantry, 300 Egyptian cavalry, 2,040 Soudanese, and 150 Turkish cavalry, four Krupp guns, two Gatlings, and two rockets. Previous to the advance movement, Baker made a cavalry reconnaissance, attacked Osman Digna, and killed and wounded over 120 of his men. Sinkat still holds out against the rebels. Before leaving Assouan, General Gordon sent a letter to El Mahdi asking him to forward the European prisoners in his possession to Khartoum. A refugee from El Obeldi, who has arrived at Khar-

toum, reports that Edmund O'Donovan, the correspondent of the London *Daily News*, was killed near General Hicks. The rest of the Europeans belonging to General Hicks's army he saw lying dead. After the battle, he says, El Mahdi sold large quantities of watches, rings and the like. Sheikh Obade has summoned Khartoum to surrender in order to avoid bloodshed. The town is quiet, but the soldiers are clamoring for their pay. The arrival of General Gordon is anxiously awaited. The town of Assouan, of which we give an illustration on page 388, lies on the right bank of the Nile, and is remarkable for its commerce, its picturesque situation, and the monuments of antiquity found in its neighborhood. A railway extends from this place to a point above the first cataract of the Nile. The town is an important one to Egypt, and it will, of course, be vigorously defended against the insurgents should they venture to attack it. Our illustration of "Recruits for the Soudan" is not calculated to encourage confidence in the fighting qualities of the Egyptian forces. Recruits who need to be held to duty by the process depicted by the artist can scarcely be depended upon for effective work in the hour of danger or of conflict.

The National Pilgrimage.

Our illustration depicts the national pilgrimage to the Pantheon to the tomb of Victor Emmanuel, which took place at the end of last month. Numerous committees representing the various Italian states were formed in Rome, presided over by persons of high distinction. The representatives of the states met at their quarters upon the morning of the pilgrimage, where they formed in line, striking the procession at a given time and place. The cortege, in mournful solemnity, slowly wended its way to the wondrous Pantheon, and, filing beneath the magnificent dome, prepared for a visit of respect to the tomb wherein repose the mortal remains of "Il Re Galantuomo." The spectacle was a most impressive one. The vast concourse, the draped flags, the impressive silence. Each person in the procession having uttered a *vale* opposite the tomb fell into rank, and the pilgrims, reforming in the grand square, marched back to their respective quarters.

The First English Church in Norway.

The edifice shown in our illustration will soon be dedicated in Christiania, Norway, and will no doubt form an attractive object to tourists visiting that city next Summer. It is a somewhat strange fact that the English residents in Norway do not as yet possess a church of their own, the service in Christiania having been for years conducted in the hall of the University. The new church is Gothic in architecture, and will hold about a thousand people. Its cost will be some ten thousand pounds, most of which sum has been subscribed by the English residents in Norway.

Anecdotes of General Winfield Scott.

AN old army officer who remembers General Winfield Scott as a tall, fine-looking old man, with white hair, a strict martinet, with a good head and a big heart, gives a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record* a story or two about him. In his latter years General Scott was very irascible. A great many people knew that, but few knew that he was always sorry for a hasty word. While he was still at the head of the army, with his office on Seventeenth Street, just opposite the War Department, he was coming out one day to enter his carriage, came in hand. A volunteer orderly, who knew nothing of Scott's views of military propriety, approached him with a letter from a War Department Bureau, which he had been directed to deliver to General Scott at once. The orderly, reckoning nothing of Adjutants general or Chiefs of staff, interpreted his order literally, and hastily giving a careless salute, began: "Oh General, here's a paper I want you to look at before you—" For a moment the proud Commander-in-Chief seemed petrified. Then, raising his cane, he said in a loud voice: "Clear out, sir; clear out of the way." The startled orderly sprang to one side, and the General got into his carriage and was driven away. The soldier then delivered his letter to some one in the office and walked slowly out. General Scott's carriage had not gone thirty rods before it stopped and turned about. The driver, raising his voice, summoned the offending orderly to the door. Trembling in every limb, cap in hand, he approached. General Scott asked his name and regiment. He gave them. "Well, sir," said the General, "report to your Colonel that you were guilty of gross disrespect to General Scott as an officer, and that General Scott was guilty of gross disrespect to you as a man. General Scott begs your pardon. Go to your duty, sir." In 1861 a lady passing the season here was very anxious to get General Scott's autograph. He was very busy, and she found her task very difficult. One day the happy thought struck her that her pretty little ten-year-old daughter might be able in this case to do what she herself could not. So she sent the charming little girl to the General's office with the autograph album. The orderly told her that she could not see the busy General. She would not be denied. She would wait, she said. At the end of half an hour the orderly took her request to the Adjutant. The latter admitted her, but told her she could not possibly see the General. She said she must. At last the Adjutant showed her the door leading to General Scott's office, and told her she could go in if she dared. Taking him at his word, she marched right in. This is her description of the call given at the time: "I was afraid at first when he looked up; but as soon as he saw it was only me he said right pleasantly, 'Well, little girl, what do you want?' and I told him my ma wanted him to write his name in her book; and he looked sharp at me, and then smiled a little bit, and shook hands with me and asked me who my ma was, and I told him, and I told him my pa was in the army, and ma was all alone with me, and then he just kissed me and wrote in my book and said 'good-morning' to me, and I came out, and nobody didn't hurt me at all." This is what he wrote: "Treason is the greatest crime.—Winfield Scott."

"Are You Going to Kiss Me?"

A FLORIDA correspondent of the Belfast (Maine) *Journal* has had an experience which he thus describes: "If ever I go into a new locality again, I will study up my geography better than I did this time; for my ignorance got me into a most uncomfortable position. As the boat neared Sanford, I was standing with others on the deck, when a very pretty young lady came up to me, and with a sweet smile on her face, looked into mine with a pair of lovely eyes, and asked: 'Are you going to kiss me, sir?' If some one had offered to lend me ten dollars I could not have been more surprised, and scarcely knowing what to say, and in order to gain a little time, I gasped out, 'Pardon, miss, what did you ask?' I felt that she knew I heard her, but she said, sweetly, 'Are you going to kiss me tonight?' There was no misunderstanding her this time. I heard her, and so did others, and I felt the blood rushing into my face, and I stammered out, 'I would like to accommodate you, miss; I would truly; but I have a wife and thirteen small children on board with me, and if my wife should see me kissing you—' 'Kissing me, you hateful old thing! Who asked you to kiss me?' 'You did,' I yelled; 'you asked me twice!' 'You old fool, I asked you if you were going to kiss me—Kiss me city tonight; don't you know anything?' and off she went, and if ever anybody felt meaner than I did, I would like to exchange photographs with him."

Facts of Interest.

PERMISSION to erect a monument to Luther at Riga has been refused by the Russian authorities.

TO TEST the legality of lottery sales in Virginia, the Commonwealth is suing the Dismal Swamp Lottery Company in Petersburg.

THE Supreme Court of Minnesota has sustained the validity of the biennial amendments to the Constitution of the State adopted by the vote of the people at the recent election, the point at issue being the terms of various State and County officers and their salaries.

IN West Barry County, Michigan, some days since, the country seemed as if strewn with thousands of large snow-balls, or snow-rolls, resembling a lady's muff in size and shape, though varying from three to eleven inches in diameter, and from four to eighteen inches in length. Through each of these seeming snow-balls was an aperture near the centre which varied with the size of the ball. The phenomenon is supposed to have been caused by the south wind, which blew at the time.

PLANS and drawings of a palace car for the white elephant and suite of religious attendants, which is advertised to visit this country next Summer, have been submitted to Barnum, Baily and Hutchinson, the circus proprietors. The car will be divided into three sections, and will be mounted upon elastic springs, attached to six-wheel trucks. The middle section, which will contain the sacred beast, will be padded and otherwise fitted up to meet the ideas of both the elephant and the tribe of devotees who are said to accompany him. Another section will be filled with idols and statues, and the third will be reserved as sleeping-apartments for the high priests and others who attend the movements of the spirit of Buddha. The interior of the car will be a symphony of gorgeous colors and fantastic carvings.

THE number of French-speaking inhabitants in British North America is 1,298,929, of whom 1,073,820 are in the province of Quebec, 102,743 in Ontario, 55,635 in New Brunswick, 41,219 in Nova Scotia, 10,751 in Prince Edward Island, 9,949 in Manitoba, 2,896 in the territories, and 916 in British Columbia. The French population in the province of Quebec increases, while the English-speaking population is decreasing.

THE trade in frozen meat from the Australasian colonies of England has advanced within three years to a most important condition. In 1880 only 400 carcasses were imported, while in 1883 no fewer than 193,645 were landed in England, 62,733 from Australia, and 129,732 from New Zealand. Twenty-one cargoes arrived in a perfectly satisfactory condition, seven were not quite so good, and three were bad. Colonial mutton is in greater demand than colonial beef.

THE long dead-lock in the administration of the estate of James Lick, the California millionaire, has at last been broken, and there are signs that the trustees will begin to carry out the provisions of the will of the deceased philanthropist. At a late meeting of the trustees it was decided to pay several large legacies to benevolent institutions, and a proposition to lend \$150,000 to the Society of California Pioneers, one of the legatees under the Lick will, was favorably reported upon by a sub-committee. It was also agreed that proposals for the erection of a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," should be advertised for. Mr. Lick appropriated \$60,000 for this purpose, the monument to be of bronze and to be erected in one of the San Francisco parks.

THE members of the English royal family are careful to refrain from talking politics. The Queen's sons are the leaders of society, but are never seen at a political meeting or dinner. They abstain from voting in the House of Lords whenever by giving their votes they might be showing the slightest preference for either party. The late Prince Albert once took the liberty at a public dinner to allude to politics. The papers of the following day handled him so severely that he was quite cured, and never ventured on the subject again. The Englishman likes everybody to keep his proper place, and if the royal family were to take it in their heads to meddle in politics, their days in the country might be numbered.

GOVERNOR BOURN of Rhode Island, in his annual message to the Legislature, calls attention to the activity of the divorce laws of the State. He says: "The proportion of divorces to marriages is constantly increasing. In 1882 there was one divorce to every 917 marriages, and when we consider that probably one-third of our population are adherents of the Roman Catholic Church (in which divorces are not recognized for any cause), the proportion of divorces becomes absolutely startling. For the ten years ending December 31st, 1882 there were 2,824 applications for divorce in the State, of which 2,201 were granted. The large majority of these divorces were granted without opposition, and therefore upon *ex parte* depositions, which are practically only such depositions of interested parties as would make a *prima facie* case. Though the law provides that no divorce shall be granted if it shall appear that there is collusion between the parties, yet it is a well-known fact that in a large number of cases there is actual collusion, though it may not be brought to the attention of the Court." The Governor recommends, as tending in some degree to prevent the granting of divorces by collusion, that applicants be compelled to produce their witnesses in open court to give their testimony in all cases where this course is practicable.

Death-rolls of the Week.

JANUARY 26TH.—At Lexington, ex-Governor John Letcher, known as the War Governor of Virginia, aged 70 years; at Waukesha, Wis., Joseph Bond, the first member of Congress from that State after its admission to the Union, aged 83 years; at Paterson, N. J., Charles Barton, a leading silk-manufacturer, aged 65 years; in New York city, Selig S. Fisher, a well-known woolen-manufacturer and capitalist, January 27th.—At Newark, N. J., Joseph A. Halsey, for forty-seven years president of a leading banking institution of the city, aged 90 years; in New York city, Dr. John B. Wood, a well-known journalist, aged 66 years, January 28th.—In Washington, D. C., Hon. Edward W. Mackey, member of Congress from the Seventh District of South Carolina, aged 38 years; at Göttingen, Germany, Professor Ernst Frederick William Klinkerfues, the distinguished astronomer, aged 67 years, January 29th.—In Paris, Augustin Alexander Dumont, the French sculptor, aged 83 years; in Paris, Auguste Leloir, the French painter, aged 75 years; at Baltimore, Md., Orlando F. Bump, a well-known lawyer, aged 43 years; in New York city, Captain Leann D. Shaw, one of the best and most widely-known navy officers of the Arm school, aged 80 years, January 30th.—In New York city Charles Burkhalter, Vice-President of the Broadway National Bank, aged 80 years, January 31st.—In London, England, John Henry Parker, a distinguished author, and Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, aged 78 years; in Paris, Gauthier de Rumilly, a life Senator and conspicuous politician, aged 92 years; in New York, Robert B. Dean, Superintendent of the Samaritan Home for the Aged, aged 86 years, February 1st.—At Mauch Chunk, Pa., Harry E. Packer, President of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, aged 34 years; at Rome, Italy, Right Rev. Louis E. Hostiot, Rector of the American College; at Westerstede, Sweden, Bishop Carl Olof Björling, aged 80 years; at Concord, N. H., Hon. William Butterfield, a former journalist, and at the time of his death, Secretary of the State Board of Equalization, aged 67 years; at Fernwood, Pa., Rev. Pennell Coombe, a prominent Methodist divine, aged 76 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—NEW LONDON, Conn., is the only town in New England which imposes a tax upon commercial travelers. Every drummer has to pay a tax of five dollars for the privilege of drumming there.

—A SUBSTANTIAL pledge of peace has been offered by the Apaches at San Carlos Agency in the persons of fifty-five of their children, who have just been sent to the Carlisle Training School in Pennsylvania.

—ADVISED from Canton, China, state that the American Presbyterian and Roman Catholic Mission establishments in that city were wrecked by a native mob on December 16th. The property was destroyed, but no lives were taken.

—It is stated that in 1875, when William B. Astor died, he had 720 houses on his rent-roll. The present number of Astor houses exceeds 1,200, the whole estate being valued at about \$50,000,000, producing an income of \$3,000,000 a year.

—THE American fishing fleet at Fortune Bay are reaping a splendid harvest. A dispatch from Long Harbor gives a list of twenty vessels of the fleet that report from 600 to 800 barrels each of frozen herring. This comprises the total list of the Gloucester fleet accounted for.

—THE champion oyster-eater lives in Stapleton, S. I. His latest record is the consumption of 300 raw oysters, five pounds of crackers, five pounds of roast beef, and twelve schooners of lager beer, at one sitting and after ten hours of fasting. And for this attack on his digestive organs he won ten dollars.

—THE Senate Committee on Foreign Relations have reported against the resolution for abrogating the Hawaiian Reciprocity Treaty on the general ground that the relation which the treaty establishes with the Hawaiian Kingdom is of too great political and commercial importance to this country not to be continued.

—CUPID laughs at law as well as locks. An Ohio girl of fourteen wanted to get married, but the law requiring that the bride shall be over eighteen years of age stood in her way. Her ingenuity, however, overcame this impediment to her marriage. She put the figures 18 into her shoe, and as she stood to answer the clerk's question she quietly said: "I am over 18." The marriage license was granted, and the pair are hiding from an irate mother.

—THE Sultan of Turkey, not content with borrowing from day to day to defray the daily expenses of his palace at ruinously exorbitant rates, and in the face of a deficit of \$30,000,000 in a budget of \$60,000,000, has just increased his Grand Vizier's salary from \$750 to \$3,750 per month, and that of all the other Ministers from \$600 to \$1,500 per month. Thus the Prime Minister of the poorest and most hopelessly bankrupt state in Europe receives \$20,000 per annum more than the Prime Minister of England.

—RECENTLY George Scott "the king of the tramps," was charged with begging at Pickering, England. He had on four coats and two vests; attached to one coat were two rings and a thimble, denoting his royal dignity, and on another were seventy-eight buttons, indicating his age. In his possession was a very large and varied assortment of buttons, including some belonging to various police forces and those of most foreign countries, and also a wooden spoon, which appeared to be a *souvenir* of Durham Jail.

—THE magnificent fleet of ironclads which the Italian Government completed a few years ago at an immense cost proves to be much less formidable than was anticipated. It seems that their draught of water was miscalculated, and that they cannot carry their heavy guns with turrets without sinking too deeply. Their armament will, therefore, have to be changed, and the turrets be replaced by lighter ones. This will expose them considerably more to the fire of an enemy and greatly lessen their capacity for attack or resistance.

—A NUMBER of New York capitalists have recently organized a stock company for the purpose of advancing the cause of cremation in New York city and its vicinity. The movement has its origin in a belief that the desire to be cremated is more popular than is usually supposed, and steadily growing, and, furthermore, that ultimately cremation will become a sanitary necessity in New York and all large cities. It is asserted that by the method of cremation the ashes of an ordinary human body can be reduced, by compression, to the size of a small apple or turnip.

—THE Russian journal *Siberia* announces that on a visit just made by the Governor-general to the prisons at Tomsk this high functionary was presented with 300 petitions contesting the legality of the detention of the petitioners. The complaints of 200 out of the 300 submitted have been declared by the Governor-general to be well founded, and the writers have been liberated. This incident furnishes a sad proof of the want of penal reform in Russia, where, as in this instance, 200 unfortunate persons have been illegally detained and their liberty dependent upon the casual visit of a new Governor-general.

—THE Corcoran Gallery, Washington, now owns 198 paintings. Nine pictures have been added during the last year to the gallery. There are besides thirty-one pictures exhibited not owned by the gallery. The sculpture and bronze galleries have received valuable additions, and statues of Marillo, Canova and Crawford, by Mr. Ezekiel, intended for the three vacant outside niches, are expected to arrive soon. For the front of the building the same sculptor is engaged in preparing the bronze decorations for the pediment to hold a profile medallion of Mr. Corcoran, and other decorations for the tops of the columns.

—THE Constitutional Convention of Montana is engaged in framing a State Constitution for that Territory. The article on corporations provides that the Legislature shall control the rates of freight and passenger fares on railroads operating in the State, and that railroads shall not discriminate in charges or facilities of transportation; that no corporation shall issue stock or bonds except for labor or services performed or money or property actually received; that any foreign corporation doing business in the State shall have an agent upon whom process may be served; that no corporations shall be released from liabilities for injuries sustained by employees through negligence of a company, or make an agreement to that effect with its employees.

—DURING the year 1883 there were 1,576 casualties in the mines of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania. Of these 323 resulted fatally, making 153 widows and rendering fatherless 512 children. Falling roofs and gas explosions caused about fifty per cent of the casualties. In the Wilkesbarre district eighteen deaths were caused by persons falling down shafts that had not begun to produce coal. There was a noticeable increase in the number of door boys killed during the year over the year 1882. Many accidents are due to direct carelessness of employees caused by the neglect of mining regulations, which, if properly enforced by mining bosses, would no doubt save many of the lives now annually lost. Under the present system the mining bosses have too many duties upon their hands, which it is hoped the Board of Commissioners appointed by Governor Pattison to revise the mine and ventilation laws of the anthracite region will take cognizance of and make such changes as have long been necessary.



CANADA.—SNOWSHOERS TAKING LUNCH. AFTER A TRAMP BY MOONLIGHT, IN AN IMPROVISED SNOWHOUSE NEAR OTTAWA.
FROM A SKETCH BY G. A. DAVIS.—SEE PAGE 391.



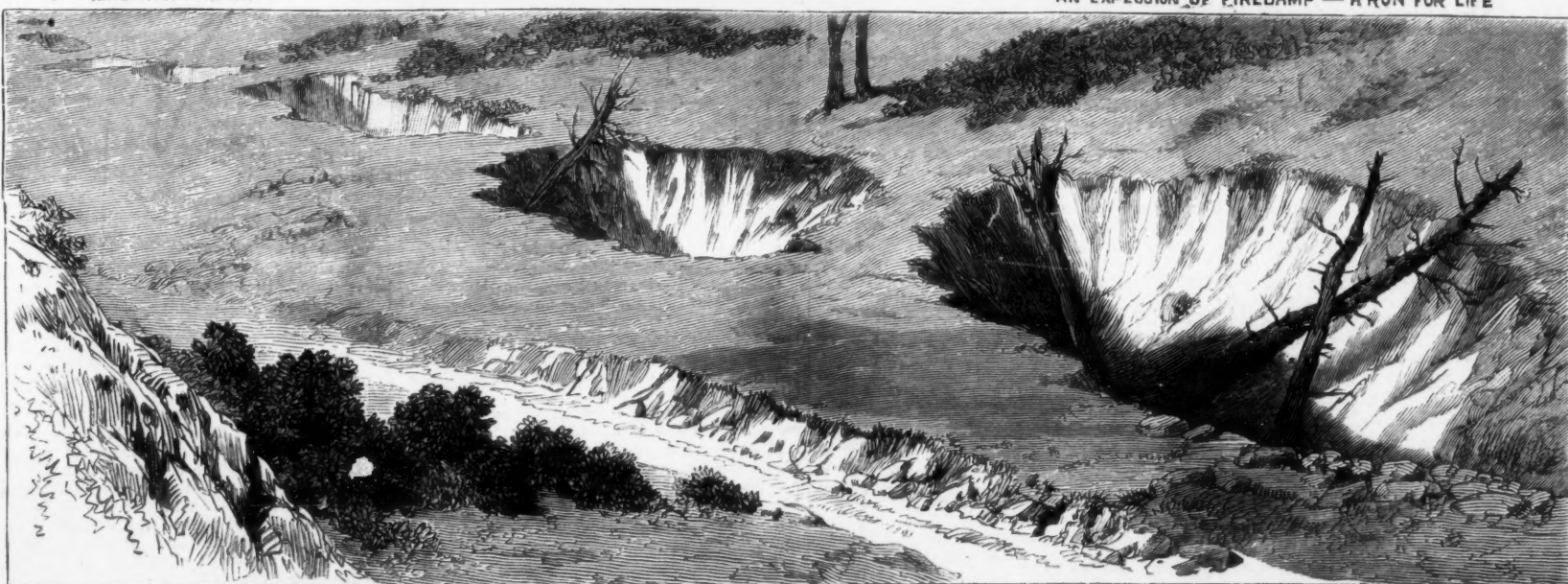
A DESERTED VILLAGE



DANGEROUS MINING



AN EXPLOSION OF FIREDAMP — A RUN FOR LIFE



A ROBBED MINE

PENNSYLVANIA.—THE PERILS OF MINING—SCENES IN THE ANTHRACITE COAL REGION.
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 390.

DOROTHY FORSTER.

By WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "IN A GARDEN FAIR," "ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN," "THE CHAPLAIN OF THE FLEET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GREEN.

CHAPTER VI.—THE CHIEF CREDITOR.

It was in this way that our tutor remained with us. My brother never did a wiser thing nor made a better bargain, for if Mr. Hilyard was faithful and serviceable before, he was ten times as useful now, by his care and watchfulness saving expense here and preventing waste there. He took, in a word, the conduct of all Tom's affairs, showing himself as capable and competent in administration as he had been a faithful tutor.

For my own part (not to speak more than can be helped, of the way in which the evenings were too often employed), I found him a much more delightful companion now that he had no occasion for the austerity of a tutor. Yet he preserved his gravity during the working hours of the day.

"I may at some time of my life," he said, "take upon me the vows of Holy Orders, for which I have ever had an ardent desire. One would almost as soon preach in a London church as deliver verses on the boards of Drury Lane, except for the applause, which in the Early Church was not wanting. Wherefore I still cultivate the habit of a decorous carriage."

He became, in every way, much more pleasant. He would play tender and moving airs upon the fiddle, and, though he reserved his powers of imitation and drollery for the gentlemen, he would sometimes sing very sweetly such songs as "Love Finds Out the Way," or "Jokey's Lamentation." And often when we were alone, my brother being away with friends, he would beguile an evening with a scene from Shakespeare, which he would act and read with surprising force.

I need not speak of his powers wholly with admiration, because their exercise had led him, as will presently be seen, to disgrace and almost to ruin. It was, when one thinks of it, a truly dread ul thing for a man who was a scholar and student of theology, of great learning, noble parts, and true eloquence, to be carried away by a love of buffoonery and the desire to display a monkey-like power of imitation. A pretty reward, indeed, of his labors as tutor to be made the Merry Andrew, Clown, and Tom Fool of the whole company whenever Tom gathered his friends together. Ought they not rather to be ashamed of seeing so learned a man thus lower himself? Yet they showed no signs of compunction or shame, but at each new monkey trick they cheered the louder and laughed the longer.

My time, from the year 1707 to the year 1710, was spent chiefly with Tom at the Manor House. In the latter year Lord Derwentwater came home, which made a great change, as you will presently hear, for all of us. In the morning it was my duty, even when quite young, to order the household, so that I became, in course of time a notable woman, skilled in the preparation of conserves, jellies, pies, cakes, biscuits, puddings, stuffings, strong waters, perfumes and home-made wines; good at embroidery, and able to play the spinet with some freedom and delicacy; also, I could make and mend, cut out, fashion, sew and trim with any woman; in such pursuits my forenoon was entirely occupied, as well as that of my still room-maid, who was no other than that Jenny Lee, the Midsummer witch when we all had our fortunes told—I am bound to say that, whatever her subsequent conduct, she was the most faithful, dexterous, and zealous maid to me, and I had never the least fault to find with her. My old nurse, Judith (who had been Tom's nurse as well, and loved not Madam), sat all day long in her armchair, reposing after a life spent in faithful service. One morning she slept so long beside the fire that I tried to awaken her for her dinner; but could not, by reason that she had slept through her passage from this world to the next.

In the afternoon, dinner over, Mr. Hilyard would sometimes read aloud out of a book, or we would read French together, or he would discourse upon matters of high import; or he would walk with me in the Castle, or upon the sands, or across the fields, finding always something of instruction.

Very shortly after Tom came of age he received a letter from Lady Crewe, his co-heir, which might have very seriously alarmed a man of less sanguine and hopeful a character. What Tom believed he held as matter of faith, out of which no one could shake him. Now he held, as clearly as the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church (but with much less reason), that the great estates he inherited were as inexhaustible as the mines of Potosi. There had been, it is true, and he knew it, three successive holders of the property who all spent, every year, more than their yearly income. Further, he knew that Lord Crewe had bought in a rent-charge of £500 a year. And this letter ought to have made him consider his position very carefully; but it did not.

"My dear Nephew and Co-heir," her ladyship wrote, "it is with infinite pain that I hereby inform you that the creditors of my late brother have taken such steps as will result in our estate being thrown into Chancery, the effect of which cannot but be disastrous to us both, though, in the long run, we shall perhaps recover. As regards present expenses, I believe that we shall have to appoint some trustworthy servant of yours as steward or receiver of the property till such time as the lawyers have done with it and the creditors are satisfied. And you may rest assured of my cure that your income be sufficient for you to live at the Manor House, though not in the state which my brothers were able to maintain. You will have fewer horses and servants; you will not be able, at present, to bear the charges of a seat in Parliament; but you will continue (I will take care thereof) to

live on your estates, and in your own house. And, should I remain unhappily a childless wife, you will, on my death, succeed to my moiety. Therefore, my dear nephew, bid little Dorothy take care that there be no waste in the kitchen; buy no more horses; make no bets; run no matches; keep my late brother's cellar for days of company; provide your table chiefly by your gun; make no debts; and hope continually that the years of lean kine will be but few, and will soon pass away.

"Your loving aunt,
DOROTHY CREWE."

Tom read this letter slowly.

"Fewer horses!" he said. "Why, I have but half a dozen or so as it is. 'Fewer servants'! Then who is to keep the poor varlets if I send them adrift? 'Make no bets.' Why, my lady, there you must please to excuse me, for a gentleman must make bets. 'Run no matches.' Well, not many. What does she mean by lean kine?"

"Her ladyship refers to the dream of Pharaoh," said Mr. Hilyard.

"Then I wish her ladyship would talk plain English. After all, it will be but a year or two, and then—Tony, what the deuce are you looking so glum about?"

"Chancery," said Mr. Hilyard, "means more than a year or two."

It is wonderful to relate that Tom never took the least trouble to find out what the liabilities were, or how long it would take to pay them off. Meanwhile, there was no change in his manner of living, save that he bought no more horses, hired no new servants, and restrained himself from those things which require a great outlay of money. I know not how the money was found for the daily charges, but I suppose that Lady Crewe could tell, for the estates were really thrown into Chancery, where they remained for six years. Mr. Hilyard was appointed steward. Also I know now that one after the other, the creditors were mostly bought up by Lord Crewe.

So Tom went on taking no heed for the morrow, as if the broad lands of Bamfborough were really his own, as they had been Sir William's. Yet, as I grew older, and could understand things better, I learned from Mr. Hilyard that his own expectancy for the future was gloomy indeed, for all of us—for Tom, who might lose the greater part of his estate; for myself, who would lose, so to speak, whatever he lost; and for himself, because he would lose employment to his mind, and a patron who was generous in his way, though sometimes quick with his tongue.

"I doubt," said Mr. Hilyard, "whether, when all is done, there will remain for the co-heirs enough to give a bare living to his honor. All will go to Lord Crewe, who, I hear, is buying up the remaining creditors."

Tom, then, took no thought of the future, believing that the estates would shortly be cleared of all incumbrances, and his inheritance become all his own. Nay, when letters came from the lawyers, written in the language or jargon employed by the members of that profession, with intent to darken the judgment and confuse the mind of a plain person, my brother tossed them over to Mr. Hilyard, bidding him read them if he pleased, but not to vex him by rehearsing their purport, and so, with a whistle to his dogs, off to the sport which chiefly occupied his mind. Nor would he hear afterwards what the letters conveyed to him, though Mr. Hilyard shook his head and groaned, telling me privately that our affairs were going from bad to worse.

There came the time, however, when the storm, which had been gathering so long, burst upon us in great fury, finding one, at least, and that the man most concerned, wholly unprepared.

It was one day in the early Autumn of the year 1709, and in the afternoon. My brother was then twenty-seven years of age. Six years had passed since he came into his own, which was now, alas! to be taken from him, though he had never really enjoyed more than the shadow and reputation of it. Yet they were six years of fatness, with plenty of feasting, drinking, hunting, shooting and fishing, so that one may easily understand that Tom looked no longer the gallant and handsome lad who received the congratulations of his friends when he reached his twenty-first year. His cheeks were fuller, and he had already something of a double chin. Yet a comely man still.

Then there rode up to the door the post-boy, mounted on his little pony, and blowing his horn, at the noise of which Tom started and woke up; Mr. Hilyard, who held in his hand a book in Latin, laid it down and went out, and I put aside my sewing, and waited for the news. We were less astonished than most at the arrival of a letter because we were sometimes privileged to read Lady Swinburn's latest London news. Now it may seem incredible, but it is nevertheless true, and I have experienced the same thing on the occasion of other misfortunes as great, that I felt quite certain, beforehand, and while waiting for the letter, that it brought bad news.

"Read it, Tony," said Tom, giving it back. "It is from her ladyship. Perhaps it is to say that all is now paid off, and the estate is clear."

Mr. Hilyard opened the letter, which was a long one, with great care, drew a chair to the window, and there read it.

This most astonishing epistle fell upon us all like a thunderbolt in our midst. Consider; for so many years there had been always before our eyes the prospect of a time when the estates should be free, in a year or two, perhaps, more or less; what mattered? Sooner or later Tom would have his unincumbered moiety, and, as was reasonable to suppose, at my lady's death the whole.

It was a truly dreadful letter. It informed us, in fact, that there was nothing left. Law and the creditors had swallowed all. A thing impossible to believe, and yet most true. There was nothing left. My aunt in telling us this dreadful thing, talked obscurely about our remaining at the Manor House, with hints about affairs of importance not to be under-

taken without communication with her. I was, for my own part, so bewildered, that I understood but half of what she said.

Now, when Mr. Hilyard read, Tom, who began by paying little heed first, sprang to his feet, and then turned white and then red, crying, "Read that again! Read that again!" And when the letter ended with an exhortation to resignation, Tom sank into his chair, crying, "For the Lord's sake, Tony, tell me, without her ladyship's rigmorole, what it means."

"It means, sir," Mr. Hilyard replied, "briefly this. The Bamfborough estates have been all, by order of the Lord Chancellor, sold for the benefit of the creditors. Lord Crewe hath bought the whole for the sum of £20,000, and the amount due to her ladyship and yourself, the lawyers and creditors having been paid, and the rent charges provided for, is not more than £1,020, of which you, who take the moiety, will receive £510 exactly."

Then there was silence, during which we looked anxiously at Tom, whose face was swollen, and so red that I feared he would have a fit of some kind.

"So all is gone," he said, at length. "A goodly inheritance, indeed! Five hundred pounds!"

"Your honor forgets," replied Mr. Hilyard, "that you are still the heir of Etherston. As to the land of the Bamfborough Forsters, that at first sight seems to have taken unto itself wings. If one cannot trust in land, in what shall man place his trust?"

"I am the heir of Etherston—that is true. But my father's estate can do little more than keep himself and his family. Shall I have to go back to him and live upon his bounty?"

To this, being greatly moved and beyond himself, he added many strong words and oaths, which may be passed over.

"Not so, sir," said Mr. Hilyard, "with submission. If you go back, Miss Dorothy will go with you, and I must needs go back into the world, naked as I came into it at my birth. Therefore, I trust this will not happen. As for this house and all these lands, they are indeed the property of the Lord Bishop; but there seems a way—nay, her ladyship herself indicates a way. You will remain here—as her nephew."

"A fine way, truly! I am to be a beggar—a pensioner—a dependent upon my aunt."

"Nay; the eldest son of Mr. Thomas and the grandson of Sir William Forster must not be called by any one a beggar, or a pauper, or a dependent, even though his aunt, who is wealthy, provide the expenses of his establishment. Her ladyship clearly signifies her desire that you should continue as if this purchase had not been made, and that you should live in the same style as at present; and she further clearly specifies her intention, if I read her aright, that out of the revenues of the estates such a sum shall be reserved for your use as may be found necessary."

"Yes—but on conditions."

"With submission, sir, again—on reasonable conditions. She desires only that no important step be taken by you without her consent. That is to say, by way of illustration, when you desire to marry, you would signify your intention to her ladyship. That is what you would naturally do towards your lamented mother's sister."

"Tilly vally, Tony, that is not what her ladyship means. You know very well what she does mean."

"Then, sir," said Mr. Hilyard, apparently without attention to this interruption, "there is also the danger which threatens the whole country, and especially the North. Her ladyship, knowing your honor's courage, loyalty and daring, is right in fearing that you might be led into some rash enterprise, like the late Sir John Fenwick, in which you might lose not only your estate but also your head. This danger, sir, I, for one, if I may venture to say so, have felt especially of late to be very great. Consider that you are acknowledged by all to be by birth and position, as well as by abilities, foremost among the Protestant gentlemen of the North."

"That may be so, Tony," said Tom, softening. "I do not say that thou art wrong."

"A natural leader of the Cause, and of great daring."

"It is true," said Tom, wagging his head.

"Round whom the people will rally."

"If not," said Tom, sitting down, "I should like to know round whom they will rally?"

"Next," said Mr. Hilyard, "it is very well known that there hath been of late a great increase of agitation in the counties and in the towns. Her ladyship desires, naturally, that when you take that step, which will go far to decide the victory of the Cause she hath at heart—"

"It will," cried Tom. "It must."

"She shall know beforehand, if only—but this I guess—in order that you may be enabled to make a fitting appearance in the field."

"Why," said Tom, "if that is all her ladyship means—"

"What more, sir, may I ask, can she mean? As your honor's aunt, she is anxious for your safety; as a woman, she reveres the head of her branch; also, as a woman, saving Miss Dorothy's presence, having the power of the purse, she desires to keep it. As for what she intends, that is to me very certain. She hath been married more than ten years, and hath no children; she is already over forty; her husband is past seventy-five years of age, and will leave to his widow all he can, if he does not leave her all he has; her ladyship's devotion to her own family is well known. To whom should she bequeath her wealth save to your honor?"

"True," said Tom, "it is natural. My lord is very rich."

"You will, therefore, become," said Mr. Hilyard, "before many years, the richest gentleman in the North."

"I shall then rebuild the castle, and live within its walls," said Tom. "I shall also re-

store the ancient Tower of Blanchland, and make a noble residence of it."

"Certainly; the idea is worthy of the great position you will then hold."

"As for you, Tony, I have made up my mind. You shall take Holy Orders and become my chaplain, with two hundred a pounds a year."

"Your honor is indeed generous."

"I shall also go into the House. By that time the Prince will have his throne. He will reward those who have been faithful to him."

"Even at present," said Mr. Hilyard, "your honor may marry in any family you choose, being of so old and honorable a house. But then—with Lord Crewe's inheritance and the sovereign's favor—of course you will be sworn of the Privy Council—"

"Of course," answered Tom, proudly.

"Earl of Blanchland, of His Majesty's Privy Council; Knight of the Garter, Lord Lieutenant and High Sheriff of Northumberland; Hereditary Grand Warden of the March; Governor of the Castle of Bamfborough; Lord of the Manor of Etherston. With all these distinctions, is there an heiress or a lady in all England but would rejoice at such an alliance?"

"Gad!" said Tom, "you put things as they should be put. Tony, your salary as my chaplain shall be four hundred, not two. You shall be a king among chaplains. But when you have the cassock and the bands you will not cease from drinking and singing, will you?"

"Sir," said Mr. Hilyard, "I shall be like unto Friar John des Entommeurs. In the gown I shall only drink the deeper."

With such persuasion and artful show of hope did Mr. Hilyard soothe the disappointment of this dreadful blow, so that poor Tom, although without a penny (save his five hundred pounds), and dependent wholly upon the bounty of my aunt, felt himself in imagination exalted to the highest rank, and possessing all those distinctions which are most coveted.

"Write to her ladyship, my good friend," he said, with the majesty of an Earl in his manner; "tell her in suitable terms that I agree to her proposals. Bring me the draft of the letter, and I will write it in my own hand, after I have corrected it. You can tell Jack, Dorothy, that I shall give him Etherston when the time comes."

Alas! Jack has got Etherston, and holds it now for fourteen years. But what did poor Tom get?

Then—the kind brother—he thought upon his sister.

"What shall I give thee, Dorothy?" he asked. "Truly, if it depended upon me, thou shouldst have the finest husband in the world, and the richest dower."

So he kissed me on the forehead and left us.

"Man," said Mr. Hilyard, "is ever allured by the things which are of least use to him. His honor—let me say it in a whisper, Miss Dorothy—hath lost his whole substance. He hath remaining not one acre of land nor one shilling of revenue; yet is he happy, because he will now have continually before his eyes the inheritance of Lord Crewe."

"But you think—"

"Nay, I am sure. I have deceived him in naught, except in this. Her ladyship is, it is true, forty years of age, but she may very well live as long as her nephew. But to tell him this in his present mood would be the same as to kick over the basket of eggs out of which this mighty fortune was to be made. I have also hidden another thing, which I confess with shame. I am informed that Lord Derwentwater will certainly return early in the year. He is young and ardent; he will gather round him, no doubt, all the hot-brains and hare-brains of the county. Lady Crewe knows this, because she knows all. Who can tell what may happen? Is she not right to insure that her nephew, if he risk his neck, shall risk nothing else?"

CHAPTER VII.—ROOM FOR MY LORD.

It was in the year of grace seventeen hundred and ten that Lord Derwentwater, who had been pining abroad from childhood, returned to his native country. He was then in his twenty-first year, being a year younger than the Prince, his cousin, whose education he shared, and whose playfellow he was. To one of those who welcomed him back—a woman—it will always seem as if her life had something of meanness in it before he came. Until then, she knew not what was meant by the manners and airs which are learned only at such Courts as those of Versailles and St. James's; nor did she know before how splendid a being is a man who, besides being master of all the manly accomplishments, as most of the Northumberland gentlemen are, also possesses the language of gallantry, the manners of a courtier, and the youth and beauty of Apollo. I can but own—why should I be ashamed to own it?—that the admiration which I felt for my lord at the very first appearance and beholding of him, only increased the oftener I saw him and the more I conversed with him.

It was by way of the Low Countries that the Earl returned to England, because the Long War, although it was drawing to a close, was still raging. Lord Derwentwater was accompanied only by his two brothers, Francis and Charles, the latter of whom was only a lad of sixteen, and his gentleman, Mr. Welby (afterwards hanged at Liverpool). He was met in London by his uncle, Colonel Thomas Radcliffe, and his cousin, Mr. Fenwick of Bywell (a near relation of the unhappy man who slew Mr. Ferdinand). It was resolved that, though no secret should be made as to the Earl's arrival, so there should be no stay in London, to avoid the danger of his being drawn into some rash design or engagement.

They were joined there also by Mr. Henry Howard, a Catholic priest, and cousin to the Duke of Norfolk. And though they rode

straight North, they made not so much haste but that news of their arrival reached the North before they were got as far as York; and it was resolved by many of the gentlemen, especially his cousins, to give him welcome at Dilston Hall. As for us, we were doubly his cousins.

"Who should go to welcome him if not I, his cousin and near neighbor?" said Tom. "And, if I go, why not you as well, Dorothy?"

But it was a great undertaking, and needed much consideration, which we intrusted to Mr. Hilyard. He finally resolved for us that we should go, and that we should seize the occasion to spend the whole year at Blanchland, where he might, at least, live retired, and at small charge, the place being eight or nine miles from any neighbors, and in the middle of a wild moor.

My heart was light at the prospect of so great a journey and the sight of strange places, to say nothing of giving a welcome to the young Lord. We were a great party, having with us a whole troop of pack horses, laden with guns, fishing-tackle, clothes, and so forth. There were also Tom's dogs and hounds, his second riding horse, his grooms, his own man, who shaved him, dressed his wig and kept his clothes, Mr. Hilyard, and my maid, Jenny Lee. So that we were like a small army, and made, in fact, almost as little progress as an army in motion. On the fourth day we rode into Hexham.

In this ancient and venerable town, which I now saw for the first time, we found gathered together a goodly company of gentlemen, assembled for the purpose of giving the Earl a hearty welcome home. The street was full of them and their servants. They stood about the door of the inn; they drank and sang in little companies. A group of the better sort were gathered in the open square between the church and the old town, where they talked and welcomed newcomers. It would take too long to enumerate all who had come to welcome the heir. Also there were present certain gentlemen—birds of ill omen, Mr. Hilyard called them, always imploring his patron to keep aloof from them, hold no communication with them, and not suffer himself to be enticed into correspondence with them. These are the men who ensnare honest and loyal gentlemen by making them combine, without their knowledge, in conspiracies and plots destined only to failure.

Now, as we rode into the crowd, some of the gentlemen shook hands with Tom; and others greeted me with such compliments as they knew how to make (they were kindly meant, but I was soon to learn the true language of gallantry); and others shouted a welcome to lusty Tony (it is a shame that so great a scholar should consent to such a name), whose appearance and shining countenance promised an evening of merriment. Presently, looking about among the throng, I became aware of a person whom I had never before seen, in cassock and bands, and the most enormous great wig I had ever seen.

His eyes were close together, which, I suppose, was the cause of his looking shifty and sly—pigs have such eyes; his nose, like his cheeks, was fat; and his lips were thick and full. Unless his face belied him, he was one of those who loved the sacred profession for the life of ease and the fat eating which may be procured by the fortunate and the swinish. Miserable man! Yet still he lives and still he preaches, his conscience being seared with a hot iron. Thank Heaven! he is not an enemy of myself, but of my brother; therefore, I am not called upon to forgive him. Indeed, it is only a Christian's duty to regard such as him with abhorrence, as one abhors the devil and all his works.

He was going about with an appearance of great bustle and business, as if everything depended upon himself, whispering to one man, holding another earnestly by the button, taking a pinch of snuff from another with an air of haste. Presently he advanced to us, bowing at every step.

"Sir," he said to Tom, "I venture to present myself to your honor. I am the Vicar of Allenhead, your worship's nearest neighbor when you honor Blanchland with a visit; and I venture to call myself one of the right party. Sir, I rejoice to find that you are here with so many noble gentlemen to welcome my Lord of Derwentwater. As for me, my motto is, and still will be, 'The right of the first-born is his'; and, if it need more words, 'Take away the wicked from before the king.' My name, sir, at your service, is Robert Patten, Artium Magister, and formerly of Lincoln College, Oxford, and—oh, Lord!"

For he started back as one who had trodden upon an adder at least, and with a face suddenly pale with fright or astonishment, I know not which. Then I perceived that the cause of his alarm was none other than the sight of Mr. Hilyard. He, for his part, was looking down upon his reverence from his horse with a face as full of disdain and indignation as you can expect from a short nose naturally inclined for charity with all men. Mr. Hilyard could change his face at will when he wished to personate the sterner emotions in acting and make-believe, but, which is a truly wonderful thing, when he was in earnest, and actually felt those passions of scorn or wrath, his face failed to convey them.

"If," he said, presently, "the Prince's cause hath pleased Bob Patten, we have got a brave recruit indeed, and are finely sped." At which the other plucked up courage, and, setting his hand straight, replied:

"I know not, Mr. Hilyard, what may be your present business in the North. I pray it be honest. Nay, sir," shrinking and putting up his hand, for Mr. Hilyard made as if he would strike at him with his whip, "nay, sir, remember the cloth. Besides, I meant no harm. Indeed, I am sure from your company that it must be honest at least, and I hope re-

spectable. Wherefore, all that passed in Oxford may be forgiven."

"Forgiven," cried Mr. Hilyard, in a great heat, "how dare you talk of forgiving? As for all that passed at Oxford, proclaim it aloud, an you will; I have no call to be ashamed of it. But if you speak of forgiving, by the Lord I shall forget your sacred profession, and remember only what you were."

"Gentlemen," said Tom, speaking with authority, "let us have no quarrels to day. Command me, Mr. Patten, if I can serve you in any way. Meanwhile, there will be a bowl of punch towards nine, if your cloth permits."

Now that evening was spent, I am sorry to say, in festivity, with singing and drinking, at which none of the gentlemen remained sober except Mr. Hilyard, who helped to carry his patron to bed, and did him the kindly offices of loosening his cravat, adjusting his pillows and pulling off his shoes. As for Mr. Patten, he slept where he fell. And as for me, I went to bed betimes, but not to sleep, for the streets were full of men who went up and down—they were the servants and grooms, and were as loyal and tipsy as their masters. And when I fell asleep at last it was to unquiet dreams, in which I was haunted by hoarse voices singing loyal songs.

END OF PART FIFTH.

Instruction for Working-people.

A SYSTEM of instruction for working-people has been organized with great success in Copenhagen. At a public meeting held in the Autumn, the number of workingmen desirous of attending the classes was found to be upwards of 3,000. There are at present 136 classes, with 132 teachers, dispersed over the town in seventeen different houses. There are fifteen classes of women, comprising about 200 students, for the most part under female teachers. The women are taught hygiene and the chemistry of housekeeping, besides the elementary sciences and languages. Some of the male pupils have asked for instruction in bookkeeping and the elements of law; others, for help towards their own special employment. The painters wish to get information about the chemistry of colors; the smiths, about metallurgy. Men who work by night have been formed into classes; the bakers get their instruction early in the evening; and the men at the gasworks, who work by day and night in turn, get their instruction during one month with the rest of the students in the evening, and during the next month have special classes in the daytime. The whole undertaking has roused an interest among the working-people which, based upon an increasing and more and more consciously recognized desire for knowledge, promises good results for the whole society, if directed rightly. It has been considered best to let the plan grow according to the wants and desires of the laboring classes, instead of obtruding any completely arranged plan upon them; and this way of proceeding has evidently met with their approval.

The Duties of a Belgian Postman.

A CONTEMPORARY thus describes a Belgian postman and his work: "We pride ourselves on our own postal service; but look at this man, who not only delivers letters punctually and smartly, but sells stamps and post cards, and acts as collector of small debts and a newspaper agent. A Belgian who has money owing to him hands the bill to his postman, who passes it through the office to be presented to the debtor in whatever locality the latter may reside, and, if payment be made, the creditor receives it from his postman on the following day, with but a trifling deduction for commission. In the same way as to newspapers, almost all regular subscribers to a journal pay their money to the postman, and two or three days before the subscription expires that hard-worked but ever-active official presents the *quittance d'abonnement* for the renewal of the subscription during a fresh term. All this makes of the Belgian postman a kind of ambulating general agency and bank of deposit, and naturally the man is obliged to have a desk slung in front of him, to carry a locked and chained portfolio under his arm for valuables, but he gets through his work satisfactorily, because his beats are shorter than those of his American brother, and at times when there is a great press of work he is always accompanied by a supernumerary. Let us note, in passing, an excellent method of collecting letters from pillar boxes which exists in Germany (it originated at Munich) and is beginning to be adopted in some French cities. The letters, instead of falling into a bag, drop into a locked tin box, and the collecting postman, who goes his round in a light cart, has only to remove the box and put an empty one in its place. In this way the collections are not only made with greater rapidity, but the chance of loss, robbery or the damage of letters, is minimized. Another good thing about some European posts is the clear indication with their stamp on an envelope as to the place and time at which it was posted. 'Place de la Bourse, Paris, 2me,' with the date. This means that the letter was posted at the place mentioned in time for the second collection of the day."

A Chrysanthemum Party in Japan.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Transcript* writes thus of flowers in Tokio: "The Emperor and Empress request the pleasure of your company to see the chrysanthemums," said the invitation. The guests were received at the palace and passed before the Imperial pair, being presented in turn and receiving a slight bow of recognition from each. The mikado is of medium height, with black face and a quick, restless eye. He was dressed in a dark-colored hussar uniform, with white trimmings. The Empress, who is quite petite, was dressed in court costume of scarlet brocade. The reception-hall opened to the galleries, and fingerboards indicating the paths to be followed. Fine old trees, ponds, rustic bridges, old stone lanterns, beds of flowers, pretty tea-houses, wide-spreading dwarf trees three or four feet high, and long bamboo sheds filled with chrysanthemums, formed but few of the attractions of the scene. Little tables were found at intervals, each with a pretty lacquer box of cigarettes on it, and a keeper leading a pair of Siberian bloodhounds was a feature. A moderately long walk through winding paths brought the guests to a large plateau, reached by a short and very steep ascent. Reaching the top of the elevation, a large area of flower beds were found. All of chrysanthemums in all shades—while in ornamental bamboo sheds were thousands of the loveliest and choicest specimens imaginable of this superb flower, which grows in great perfection in Japan. All colors, shapes and varieties are here in profusion, while several bushes had upwards of 300 flowers each, and one something over 400. Probably the display of chrysanthemums was the finest in the world. Some time was spent in admiring the flowers, chatting and listening to the music when the Imperial party led the way to a beautiful bamboo pavilion, fully 150 feet long, decorated with festoons of white and red silk, and the supporting columns being covered with masses of flowers. In this fairy like structure tables were spread, loaded with delicacies both in and out of season.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

It appears that the leaf of a plant can transform into useful work as much as forty per cent. of the solar energy it receives and absorbs.

A Single Plate of perforated zinc about a foot square suspended over a gas jet, is said to retain the noxious emanations from burning gas, which, it is well known, destroys the binding of books, tarnishes the gilding and vitiates the atmosphere for breathing.

Aluminum can be beaten out, either hot or cold, as perfectly as gold or silver, and can be rolled in the same way. Leaves as thin as those for gilding and silvering can be made of it, and it is easily drawn into wire. Its high cost prevents its use extensively in the arts.

Mr. Edward W. Fell, of Cleveland, after experimenting for two years, has succeeded in inventing a way to take instantaneous and absolutely permanent photographs upon any substance having a smooth surface, by the action of electricity. The expense is less than one cent for each picture.

Lime slacked with a solution of salt in water, and then properly thinned with skim-milk from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for outdoor work, and, it is said, renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving wood and for all farm purposes.

In the Ninth Century, Almamoun in Mesopotamia gave the earth's mean circumference at 131,355,200 feet. Ten centuries later, according to Clark's elements, it is 131,381,455, so small is the variation between the ancient and modern astronomer. Even in 840 A.C. the mean circumference was put at 131,328,000 feet.

Wire laths are said to be taking the place of wood laths in the erection of new buildings. It is claimed that a building in which they are used is absolutely fireproof, so far as taking fire from inside is concerned, and that no building can be considered fireproof in which wood laths are used, no matter how else constructed.

An Expedition is at last being organized under the auspices of the British Association to proceed to Mount Kilimanjaro, the snow-clad peak of Eastern Equatorial Africa. The party will be under the charge of Mr. H. H. Johnston, who has recently returned from the Congo. The party will leave England at the beginning of March.

The Ore of Antimony is found abundantly in California and Nevada, and in other parts of the Pacific Slope. The shipment of antimony ore from San Francisco to England amounted in 1882 to 15,850 tons. The Southern Pacific Railroad carried East during the same period 60,130 pounds of metallic antimony shipped from San Francisco and Oakland.

A French Meteorologist has, in the exposed court of his house, two bars of iron planted in the earth, to each of which is fixed a conductor of coated wire, terminating in a telephonic receiver. His practice is to consult the apparatus twice or thrice every day, and it never fails, through its indications of earth currents, to give notice of the approach of a storm twelve to fifteen hours ahead.

A Common Trouble in country blacksmith shops is the going out of the fire while the smith is doing work away from it. This annoyance can be prevented by keeping at hand a box containing sawdust. When the fire seems to be out throw a handful of sawdust on the coals, and a good blaze will quickly follow. This may seem a small matter, but there are many who will find the suggestion a useful one.

A New Drug called extract of guacamaca, by M. Schipper, is said by him to resemble curare, without possessing any of its dangers. The general symptoms produced by the injection of about fifteen grains of the dry extract into the skin of a man were at first a light and then a deeper sleep, which lasted from two and a half to three hours, as well as a slight muscular spasm. The breathing and circulation were not affected.

An Officer of the British army has patented a waterproof match, specimens of which have ignited readily after having been wrapped in a damp rag for twenty-four hours. This is accomplished by coating the phosphorized end of the match with solid paraffine, which, while it protects from slow oxidation, being imperfectly impervious to water, does not in the slightest degree interfere with the ready inflammability of the match.

The Following directions are for putting on japan and gilding on iron-work: The articles to be japanned are cleaned of oil, usually by the use of turpentine, and the japan varnish applied, when the articles are placed in a hot oven to dry. To gild japanned articles, the part to be gilded is covered with oil size, thinned with turpentine, and gold powder put on with a puff. This is then varnished, and moderately heated in the oven. Leaf gold may also be applied in the usual way.

The International Polar Conference will meet in Vienna in May. In 1881 this Conference organized in St. Petersburg and planned the international scientific expeditions that were sent to various points within or near the Polar Circle by seven Governments. Representatives of these expeditions are expected to meet in Vienna to report the results of their work. These results, it is expected, will be compared, summarized and published under the auspices of the International Conference.

In a Lecture at the Lowell Institute, Boston, Professor Wood gave some very interesting details regarding the phenomena of spider life. The female is much larger and fiercer than the male, who, whilst paying addresses, is constantly in a state of danger. Three different kinds of thread are spun by spiders for their webs. A scientific experimenter once drew 3,480 yards of thread or spider silk from the body of a single spider. Silk may be woven of a spider's thread which is more glossy and brilliant than that of a silkworm.

It is well known that many fish soon perish when transferred from their native salt water to fresh, and that fish that had lived in fresh water die when placed in contact with the sea, as, for instance, when the locks of a fresh-water canal are opened to an estuary. The cause of death in both cases has been sought, and, it is thought, discovered, by M. Paul Bert. Salt water fishes perish in fresh water on account of the absence of chloride of sodium, and fresh water fishes die in salt water owing to the presence of chloride of sodium. Neither the salts of soda nor of magnesia added to fresh water formed a substitute for the chloride of sodium. Glycerine, sugar and similar substances added to fresh water to give it the consistency of the water of the sea did not have the desired effect; the marine fauna died in the mixture.

The Transmission of Power by wire ropes—now no longer a question of experiment—is found practicable and advantageous for distances ranging all the way from fifty feet up to several miles. As an example of long transmission, that furnished in Schaffhausen, Switzerland, at the Falls of the Rhine, is quite notable. There some 800 horse power is carried diagonally across the line and extended a distance of two miles, being there distributed among the fifty different manufacturing establishments, situated in every imaginable position and embracing all the varied arrangements of changing directions. This method has been increasingly produced in Europe, the wire rope transmission coming into use at the point where a belt or line of shafting becomes of too great length to be employed profitably, in point of economy be no much cheaper than its equivalent either in shafting or belt.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Miss ELIZABETH SARGENT, a daughter of Minister Sargent, is studying medicine in Zurich.

EX-GOVERNOR HENDRICKS, who is now in Paris, writes that his health is much better than when he left this country.

BONANZA MACKAY has guaranteed Patti \$65,000 for a season in 'Frisco, and Mr. Mapleson has accepted the proposition for her.

A BRONZE bust of the late Dr. Marion Sims is to be placed in the new Harvard Medical School—a gift from a grateful Boston patient of the doctor.

L. Q. C. LAMAR is said by his Mississippi friends to be one of the few poor men in the United States Senate. Of late years most of his salary has gone to pay old debts, obligations of a nature that only a man of scrupulous integrity would think of paying.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, who was to deliver the oration before the Maryland Society of the Confederate Army and Navy in Baltimore on the 22d of February, has written that his health will not admit of his speaking in that city at this season of the year, and the oration has been abandoned.

THE Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, is now eighty-one years of age, and lives quietly in Milan. He neither believes in the alliance of the Latin races, nor in that of the Teutonic. He fancies that Austria and Russia will ere long be at daggers drawn, and fancies that, as he has no infirmities save those of old age, he may live to see it.

A "QUESTION-BOX" has been put up in Boston for the use of those who attend Rev. Joseph Cook's Monday lectures at Tremont Temple. As an interlude between the "Prelude" and the lecture proper, each Monday, Mr. Cook will open the box and reply to at least a dozen questions—taken from among those in the box, and also those received by the lecturer during his travels. Thus fourteen subjects will be discussed each week.

THE latest young American who comes forward for honors as an Alpine climber is Frederic C. Penfield, a Hartford (Conn.) journalist, who in the current number of *Outing* gives a vivid description of the ascent of the loftiest peak of the famous Otter range in the Tyrol, 14,000 feet high. With William Lee Howard, the northern traveler and one guide, Mr. Penfield made the ascent from the Austrian side, and came down in Italy without accident, while on a walking tour from Innsbruck in Austria to Lake Como in Italy.

PROFESSOR LENZ, of Nuremberg, has received an order to cast a bronze statue of the late President Garfield, which is to be erected in San Francisco. The model was made by the sculptor Hopperberger, of Munich, who is a native of America. It represents the late President standing erect, with his head uncovered, clothed in simple civilian dress. The statue will be over ten feet high. On the sides of the pedestal are figures representing war trophies and the American eagle. On the front, under a star, is inscribed the word "Garfield" in large letters.

THE fashion of wealthy English yacht-owners spending their winters aboard their vessels in southern waters increases every year. At present there are no less than forty-three yachts which fly the pennants of English clubs cruising in the Mediterranean. Among them are nineteen steamers. The Marquis of Ailes has his elegant steam yacht *Titanic* at Leghorn, the Marquis of Bute is cruising in his schooner *Lady Bird*, and a considerable portion of the Upper House of Parliament is afloat. Among the peers who are thus enjoying themselves are the Earl Cathcart and Lords Wolverton, Ashburton and Paget.

THE late Representative Mackey, of South Carolina, is said to have first met Miss Sumter, who afterwards became his wife, when she was twelve years old and he twenty-three. She was beautiful but uneducated and poor. He obtained her mother's permission to have her educated at Oberlin at his expense, and she spent five years there, during which time he did not see her until the day before she graduated, when he and her mother went to Oberlin to witness the exercises and bring her home. On their way back to Charleston the party stopped at Philadelphia, Bishop Simpson was called in, and the young couple were made husband and wife.

A YOUNG lady recently addressed a letter to Ruskin on the subject of art training. Desirous of becoming an artist, and wishing good advice, she thought she could do no better than apply to so high an authority. The reply was characteristic and rather disappointing. The great critic, without giving her any hint as to the right course to pursue, told her, "It would be better to write less and cultivate a good and beautiful handwriting. No one who writes as you do could make a good artist." It took five people to decipher the hieroglyphics in which Ruskin clothed these few words. The young lady framed this curious production and hung it in her studio.

MRS. AGNES STORRS VEDDER, a lady who has long been admired in amateur musical circles, is giving, at Manuel Hall, in West Thirty-third Street, this city, a series of concerts consisting mainly of English ballads. Mrs. Vedder, who has always been known as the possessor of a soprano voice of fine quality, has made great improvement in her art during the past year, and she now sings in a truly artistic and finished way. Her enunciation is clear, her execution good and her whole method and manner of singing admirable—showing what may be accomplished by industry that is properly directed. At the fourth concert of the series on the 2d instant, Mrs. Vedder had the assistance of Mr. Courtney and other favorite artists. The concerts will continue for the next three weeks, and cannot fail to grow in popularity.

THE St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, on the 16th inst., passed a series of resolutions highly complimentary to Mr. Henry Villard for his "persistent and untiring efforts to complete without delay the Northern Pacific Railroad, and open the productive country from the M asissippi River to the Pacific Ocean to the laboring classes of our people." The Portland (Oregon) Board of Trade has also adopted resolutions referring to "the construction of the Northern Pacific as a great public benefit," and tendering to Mr. Villard "our hearty thanks and grateful acknowledgments for the continuous rail from Portland to St. Paul," expressing at the same time the hope that he "may be soon restored to health, wealth and the position he is so eminently qualified to fill."

A WASHINGTON letter says: "Mr. Blaine must be a laborious man if he is making much headway with his book, judging from the attention he is giving to matters and things relating to the movements and doings of the day. Apparently he quite holds his own with the White House, for nothing is more common now than the inquiry by strangers of the way to Mr. Blaine's house. Nor do visitors come away disappointed in not seeing its occupant, as is often the case at the White House. Blaine is almost always at home to callers, while it is not an infrequent thing for persons to come away from the White House complaining, unreasonably sometimes, it is probable, that they cannot see the President. The President cannot always see whom he wishes."



THE UNITED STATES RECRUITING SERVICE.—METHODS EMPLOYED IN THE EXAMINATION OF APPLICANTS FOR ADMISSION TO THE ARMY.—FROM SKETCHES BY C. BUNNELL.

LIEUTENANT J. U. RHODES.

LIEUTENANT JOHN UNDERHILL RHODES, of the United States Revenue steamer *Dexter*, who distinguished himself by his heroic efforts in the saving of life in connection with the *City of Columbus* disaster, was born in Fair Haven, Conn., thirty-four years ago next September. His father, Captain William Rhodes, was in the employ of H. Trobridge & Sons, and the lad having a taste for the water, his father took him on the celebrated ship *Golden Fleece*, and gave him a thorough training as a seaman. Becoming tired of that life, he engaged as clerk in the store of Francis & Chidsey, and while there he applied for an appointment in the Revenue Service, was examined, accepted, and ordered to Buffalo, N. Y., to the steamer *Boutwell*. Subsequently he was ordered to the steamer *Colfax*, and for five years was stationed on that vessel, making headquarters at Wilmington, N.C., where he married the daughter of the editor of the *Wilmington Republican*. Three years ago he returned North, and was stationed on Long Island Sound, but he afterwards returned to Wilmington, where his wife died some six months ago. He is now again stationed on Long Island Sound, on the steamer *Dexter*. He is a gallant and efficient officer, and richly deserves the commendation which his heroism has elicited from the press and from official bodies.

A SUPERB SILVER SERVICE.

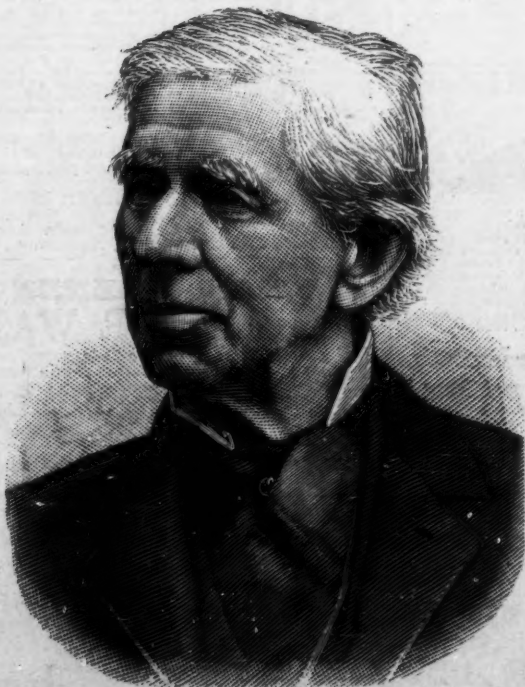
WE give on this page an illustration of the superb silver service presented to Vice-President Horatio S. Stephens, of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, on the occasion of his sixty-second birthday. This testimonial consists of seventy-six pieces, manufactured by J. E. Caldwell & Co. of Philadelphia, in the Persian pattern, each piece being engraved with his initials in monogram. Accompanying this was an Address beautifully engrossed, and inscribed with Mr. Stephens's name and the words, "From his friends, the General and Special Agents of the Company, Monday, January 21st, 1884." The Address states that the Agency Department of the Company, when it came under Mr. Stephens's control, had on its books \$20,000,000, and has now \$41,521,875 of insurances, with branches all over the country.

WILLIAM SMITH,
EX-GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

EX-GOVERNOR WILLIAM SMITH of Virginia attained the eighty-sixth anniversary of his birth on September 6th, 1883. By the force of individual merit, ex-Governor Smith has occupied the most eminent official station in Virginia. He has been twice its Governor, the last term of service in that office being during the Rebellion, he being Governor when Richmond fell. He served several terms in Congress as Representative from Virginia, and was a member of the House at the commencement of the war. He entered the Southern army as colonel in 1861, and was soon promoted to brigadier-general, and received several wounds. The ex-Governor is decidedly a fighting man, and his sons inherit his belligerent spirit. One of his sons, James Caleb Smith, fought Senator Broderick in California in 1852. The ex-Governor was present. More recently, Colonel Thomas Smith, another son of the ex-Governor, fought William C. Elam, of the Richmond *Whig*. Smith's first ball striking Elam in the mouth. Ex-Governor Smith lives on a beautiful farm on the suburbs of Warrenton, Va. All his faculties are well preserved, and his bearing is as erect and elastic as that of a man of thirty.

THE SAGE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
IN WEST BAY CITY,
MICH.

AN event of great interest and importance in the history of West Bay City, Mich., was the dedication of the Sage Public Library, presented to that city by Mr. Henry W. Sage, of Ithaca, N. Y., on Wednesday, the 16th ultimo, with addresses by Professor Moses Coit Tyler, Mr. Sage and Mayor Fisher. Mr. Sage's gift to the young city is a magnificent one, and it is not a matter of wonder that on the occasion of its formal presentation the place



VIRGINIA.—HON. WM. SMITH, THE VENERABLE
EX-GOVERNOR OF THE STATE.



LIEUTENANT JOHN UNDERHILL RHODES, THE HERO OF THE
"CITY OF COLUMBUS" DISASTER.
PHOTO. BY MUELLER.



PENNSYLVANIA.—SILVER SERVICE MANUFACTURED BY J. E. CALDWELL & CO., SILVERSMITHS, AND PRESENTED TO H. S. STEPHENS,
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

should have donned holiday attire and made the day one of rejoicing. The library building is two and a half stories high, modern in architectural style, its materials being red brick, with "trimmings" of black and buff brick and Amherst bluestone. The front is relieved by an octagon projection containing a niche for a terracotta statue representing Literature and Science, the projection being finished into a bay window for the reading-room on the second story. There is also a square extension of ten feet near the west side for the vestibule of a street entrance and stairway. The Gothic roof is slated, and adds to the beauty of the structure. A portion of the ground floor is temporarily occupied for the high school, but in due time the entire building will be devoted to the purposes for which it was intended. The second floor is intended wholly for library purposes. The reading-room extends across the whole front of the edifice, is lighted by windows on three sides, and has a cheerful fireplace, a deep bay window, comfortable chairs and tables. The library is connected by a broad hall which runs between the book-cases to the extreme end of the building. The whole interior is finished in black ash. Altogether, the West Bay City Library is the best equipped, furnished and finished public library in the State of Michigan. The sum of money expended on it by Mr. Sage will reach fully \$50,000, and may exceed that estimate.

SCENES AT A RECRUITING
STATION.

THERE are in New York city several recruiting stations, where applicants for admission to the United States Army and Navy are examined and assigned to the different branches of service. In all of these, the qualifications first looked for in the aspiring candidate are those of physique; for

unsound men will not do to be put into training for battle either afloat or ashore. The applicant first encounters the sergeant, who gives him a thorough overhauling as to external appearance and general intelligence, and ascertains his age. As the sergeant has frequently to deal with runaway boys, who overestimate their ages in order to bring them up to the required twenty-one years, he is a critical and wary examiner. Having passed the scrutiny of the sergeant, the applicant is turned over to the physician, who begins operations by ordering him to strip. He has to exhibit his strength, suppleness and soundness of limb by leaping over the furniture of the room. His teeth are examined with as much care as though he were horseflesh on sale. His hearing is tested by placing a Waterbury clock behind his back, and asking him to tell by its ticking whether it is on his right or his left side. Three small targets, with black spots of different sizes, are displayed, and if the recruit, standing twenty feet off, can tell which is the largest and which the smallest dot, his eyesight is all that it should be. The physician then applies the stethoscope to the young man's breast. By this means the throbbing of the heart and the working of the respiratory organs are made to sound like a steam-engine, while the circulation of the blood is heard like the distant roar of Niagara. If all be found in good working order, the recruit passes muster, enlists for two, three, or five years, as the case may be, and is sent to the school of instruction on David's Island, in the Sound. Our illustrations accurately depict the various methods employed in testing the physical qualifications of applicants for admission to the service.

THE ENGLISH POOR-LAW SYSTEM.

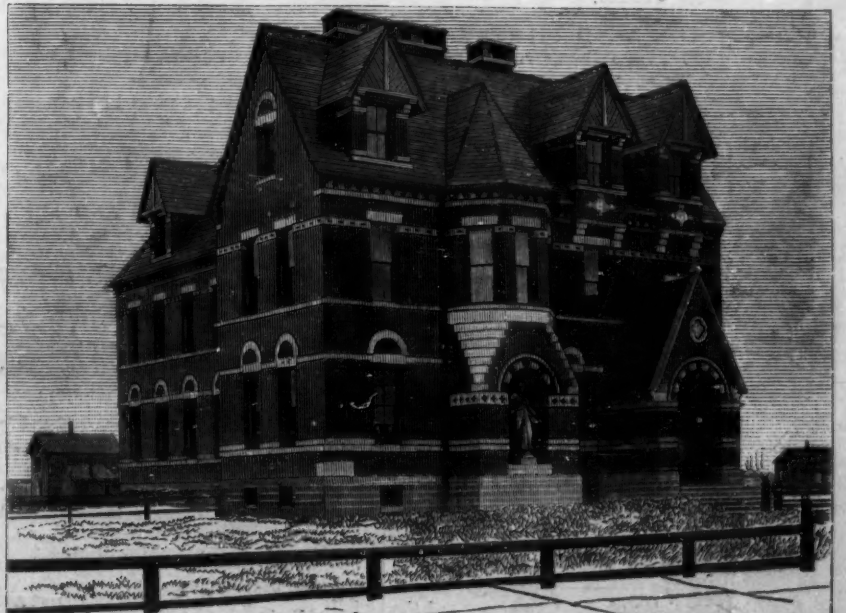
THE London correspondent of the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph* writes: "If there be one thing more than another which the poor Englishman dreads, it is to be forced to take advantage of those poorhouses which are at once the glory and the shame of his country. It was certainly a fine conception to give every Englishman a legal right to claim the support of his fellow-men in case all else failed; but the administration of these laws has been such as to cost the country enormous sums of money, and largely increase permanent pauperism, while at the same time incurring the utmost dread and horror of the deserving poor."

"The present English Poor Law dates back to the days of Good Queen Bess, but has undergone many changes with the march of years. In its inception, and as carried out by the monks of old, even before the days of Elizabeth, poor relief was essentially outdoor relief, and the idea of building huge barracks for the reception of paupers was an afterthought. Then came the political doctrinaires, who arrived at the conclusion that outdoor relief was little less than a crime, and that the only way to keep down paupers was to offer them admittance to the poorhouse or nothing. This, they contended, would reduce the cost of providing for the poor, and at the same time repress mendicancy. The Government of the day was accordingly induced to legislate with this view. The number of paupers has certainly been reduced, but the cost is greater than ever. In 1840 the number of paupers receiving parochial relief was 934,419; of these, 119,376 were inhabitants of poor-houses, and known as 'indoor' paupers. The cost of relief in that year was \$5,792,963. Last year there were in all 799,269 paupers, of whom about 200,000 were 'indoor.' Their maintenance cost the country \$8,260,000."

"The whole aim and object of Poor Law Guardians here is to 'keep down the rates.' Perhaps they succeed in doing it, but they are breeding a race of paupers the support of which will present a startling problem to the next generation of Poor Law Guardians. At the present moment more than one out of every forty of the inhabitants of these islands is a pauper. I wonder what the proportion will have grown to in thirty years' time!"

"Young children who are admitted into poor-houses are, of course, educated after a fashion and the boys taught some trade. The girls are trained as servants; but they rarely come up to very moderate expectations of capacity. The poor-house invariably either cripples their intellect or diverts it into wrong channels, and with scarcely an exception workhouse servants develop into either fools or knaves."

"Under the fosteringegis of the present Poor Law system it looks as if we might expect to have a third of the nation paupers within the next fifty years. Badly as the figures now show, but for the truly magnificent extent of private charity in this country they would show far worse. There is, perhaps, no country in the world where so much is spent upon public charity and so much raised to further the cause of private benevolence, and it is a thousand pities that so much of the former is so ill spent."



MICHIGAN.—LIBRARY BUILDING PRESENTED TO WEST BAY CITY, BY HENRY W. SAGE.

BOOK NOTICE.

"A RIGHTEOUS APOSTATE." By CLARA LANZA. Author of "Mr. Perkin's Daughter." New York: G. P. PUTNAM SONS. 1883.

This novel, when once taken up, will not be laid aside without considerable reluctance. It is full of plot and passion. The chords of the human heart are intoned by a dexterous hand, the deeper tones being full of subtle harmonies. The authoress having undertaken a serious task, has acquitted herself so admirably that such blemishes as the book contains serve but to render its merits more luminous and more full of color. The scene is laid at Santa Fé. The dramatic personae: Miss Anastasia Hélicourt, a lymphatic old maid; her niece, Cordelia Hélicourt, around whom the interest centres; Margaret Aldergrove, a cousin, bearing a startling resemblance to Cordelia; Margaret's mother, Mrs. Aldergrove, and the Rev. Paul Lamont, the Righteous Apostate. A fortune comes to Anastasia Hélicourt, and her niece, Cordelia. The treasure is in France, and must be taken possession of in person. The two ladies are about to set out when Cordelia is laid down in fever at the Convent of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and Anastasia, Mrs. Aldergrove and Margaret, time being an object, leave Santa Fé for France. *En route* the grim and desperate resolve of doing away with Anastasia and of impersonating Cordelia takes possession of Margaret's brain. Her mother consents, and the luckless old maid, muffled in shawls, is noiselessly dropped out of the stage in the middle of the night in a country swarming with hostile and scalp-seeking Indians. More of this exciting plot we will not disclose, save that Margaret succeeds in securing the fortune, and here the interest ripens to intensity. Padre Lamont and Cordelia love one another without a speck of dishonor to either. Their struggles against the master passion are psychologically dealt with, and marvelously well. The Padre goes to his Bishop and asks to be unfrocked, while Cordelia seeks refuge in a convent. The dénouement we leave to the reader with the assurance that Padre Lamont is indeed, according to his lights, a Righteous Apostate.

"LA AMERICA" is the title of an illustrated monthly review in Spanish, which business men will find an advantageous medium of communication with buyers in Spanish and American countries. It is the aim of this journal to develop friendly relations and active trade between Central and South America and the United States, and having already a standing in the Spanish-American State which secures respect for its opinion and judgment, its success in the direction named can scarcely be doubted. At all events, the enterprise deserves the cordial encouragement of the business public in whose interest it is carried forward. There has never been a time when the opportunity for the extension of American influence and American trade in the countries south of us was equal to what it is to-day, and every agency which can in any wise make this opportunity more apparent should be welcomed and helped.

FUN.

ENGLAND is preparing to protect her interests in China. That must be what is meant by a bull in a china shop.

PATTI always has the best of everything. A cold in her head costs her \$5,000 a night, when it is powerful enough to keep her from singing.

A FRENCHMAN claims to have invented a paper which is incombustible. Let some of our essayists get hold of it, and they will make it dry enough to burn.

TENNYSON did his first writing on a slate. In this connection it may not be irrelevant or irrelevant to remark that a good many unfortunate barkeepers have begun the same way.

WASTE no time; delays have dangerous ends! If a member of your family is suffering with a slight cough or cold, don't wait until it develops itself into consumption, but procure at once a bottle of Dr. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP, and cure that cough.

"See here, you boy, did I not pay you twenty-five cents to shovel the snow off my pavement?" "Yes'm." "Well, what do you mean by taking the money and then going off without doing it?" "The snow is all off, isn't it?" "Yes, but it melted off." "That's all right. I knew it would melt off if let alone. I'm a street contractor, I am!"

A DANGEROUS ENEMY.

We cannot too earnestly urge the necessity of using the new Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. STANLEY & PALER, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, in the very commencement of Pulmonary trouble, and before the disease has made any serious inroads upon the system and reduced its power to contend with so dangerous an enemy. Too many of the cases which come to them are of long standing, and the chances for a radical and permanent cure just so far remote. That their treatment benefits or cures so large a proportion of these cases is often as much a surprise to themselves as to their patients. If your cough is becoming troublesome, if you are beginning to lose flesh and strength, and have night-sweats, don't wait a day before sending to Drs. STANLEY & PALER for such documents and reports of cases as will enable you to understand the nature and action of their new Treatment. Take your enemy in time, and the chances are all in favor of your dislodging him.

"A GENTLEMAN," says a scientific exchange, "was greatly interested at one time in watching the burial of some ants." Wonder if they were his own—the heartless wretch.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, DECIDED BENEFIT.

DR. JOHN P. WHEELER, Hudson, N. Y., says: "I have given it with decided benefit in a case of in-nutrition of the brain, from abuse of alcohol."

SKINNY MEN. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence. \$1.

BEAUTIFUL EVER-BLOOMING ROSES.

ALL lovers of Choice Flowers should send to the DINGER & CONARD Co., West Grove, Pa., for some of their lovely Roses. These roses are certain to bloom, and are the finest in the world. They are sent safely by mail, postpaid, to all post-offices in the United States. This Company is perfectly reliable, and noted for liberal dealing. They give away in Premiums and Extras more Roses than most establishments grow. Send for their *New Guide*, a complete treatise on the Rose (70 pages, elegantly illustrated), free. See advertisement in this paper.

DANDRUFF

IS REMOVED BY THE USE OF COCAINE.

AND it stimulates and promotes the growth of the hair.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are the best.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS," 15c., 25c., 50c., at druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

THE best regulator of digestive organs and the best appetizer known is ANGIOTON BOTTING. Try it, but beware of imitations. Get from your grocer or druggist the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

MALARIA.

FREDERICK CITY, Md.

MESSRS. LIEBIG CO., 38 Murray St., New York:

Gentlemen: I have used one bottle of your Coca Beef Tonic, and have derived so much benefit from it that I desire, without your solicitation, to express my appreciation of it. A week ago I was threatened with malarial fever, superinduced by malaria, impoverished blood and nervous prostration, and I became quickly reduced to 142 pounds. On Monday, the 11th, I began taking your Coca Beef Tonic, and from the first dose began to improve, as my weight to-day (150½ pounds) and buoyancy of spirits attest. . . . Again thanking you, I am Respectfully yours,

WM. L. SCHAEFFER.

N. B.—It was recommended to me by our leading physician, DR. A. A. ROTH, who has used hundreds of bottles in his extensive practice, and he can attest to the above.

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

"As a nerve tonic Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic is without equal."

J. LEO-MINGLE, M.D.,

Newberrytown, Pa.

DR. TUTHILL MASSEY, M.D., L.R.C.P., M.B.E.S., of Manchester, England, says: "The effect is something wonderful. From being depressed and very low-spirited, easily tired, I can now walk any length of time without feeling fatigue. Before taking the Tonic my nerves seemed so unstrung that when I read a pathetic tale I could not refrain from becoming very much affected, although I tried hard to overcome the absurd feeling. Now I am myself again."

SIR JAMES PAGET, President British Medical Association, says that 70,000 deaths are annually caused by nervous disease in England, and that there is no more powerful and agreeable nerve tonic than the Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic is evidenced by the emphatic testimony of the most eminent physicians.

PROFESSOR C. A. BRYCE, M.D., LL.D., editor *Southern Clinic*, says: "Really a wonderful reconstructive agent, building up the system and supplying lost nervous energy. For broken down constitutions it is the agent."

PROFESSOR WILLIAM C. RICHARDSON, M.D., Dean of St. Louis, Mo., Clinic of Midwifery and Diseases of Women and Children, says: "It is also a most powerful and agreeable stimulant to the brain and nervous system, and it is especially useful to counteract fatigue of mind and body."

Be sure to ask for Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic. Highest Medals at Leading Expositions. Sold by Druggists generally. Prepared only by the Liebig Laboratory and Chemical Works Company, N. Y., Paris and London. N. Y. Depot, 38 Murray Street.

It would be folly to tamper with a tobacco whose peculiar flavor and inherent excellence are known among all nations. BLACKWELL & CO. recognize this in the manufacture of BLACKWELL'S DURHAM LONG CUT. To sustain the fame of the Durham Bull brand among pipe and cigarette smokers they must keep their tobacco pure—give it as nature gave it. Both policy and pride raise a perpetual guarantee of purity.

C. C. SHATNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.

BREAKFAST COCOA, as a beverage, is universally conceded superior to all other drinks for the weary man of business or the more robust laborer. The preparations of WALTER BAKER & CO. have long been the standard of merit in this line, and our readers who purchase "Baker's Breakfast Cocoa" will find it a most healthful, delicious and invigorating beverage.

HALFORD SAUCE.—Beware of colorable imitations.

CATARRH CURED.

A CLERGYMAN, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. LAWRENCE, 250 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

"MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP," for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation; tasteless; 25c.

BLAIR'S PILLS—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, \$1; round, 50c. At all druggists.

SYMPER & Co., at Nos. 739 and 741 Broadway, are now offering for home adornment rare old Tapestries, Marbles, Bronzes, Sevres, Dresden, Berlin, and Oriental Porcelain, gems of cabinet-work, and a large line of Silverware, suitable for wedding and other gifts.

TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SINGERS.

You are often troubled with hoarseness which affects the voice. It need not be so if you use DR. TOBIAS'S PULMONIC LIFE SYRUP: it will cure you. No injurious ingredients are in it; \$1,000 will be paid if it injures an infant.

The Hon. Henry C. Kelsey, Secretary of State, New Jersey, writes: "I have used your Syrup with great benefit for a pulmonary complaint." Mrs. A. N. Van Buren, of Marion Avenue, Fort-ham, states that it is the best remedy for hoarseness or a cough that she ever tried, and will never be without it.

"Dr. Tobias: I have used on myself and in my family for years your Pulmonic Life Syrup. It has never failed to cure. I believe it is the best medicine for throat diseases ever sold. I am acquainted with the ingredients of which it is composed, and know them to be perfectly harmless."

"C. H. GALLAGHER, 935 De Kalb Ave."

"Brooklyn, April 21, 1883."

FROM THE REV. DR. FEIGL.

"I have used your Pulmonic Life Syrup for years with great benefit: in fact, I cannot preach without it. I. P. FEIGL, D.D., 1175 Third Ave."

"New York, July 14, 1883."

Price, 50 cents, in large bottles. Depot, 42 Murray St. The money refunded on the return of the empty bottle if any one is dissatisfied with it.

"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers. Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CARDS—50 assorted Chromos (new) with name and 5 latest songs, 10c. Capitol Card Co., Hartford, Ct.

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST

KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

CURES all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder, and Urinary Organs; Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side; Retention or Non-Retention of Urine, Nervous Diseases, Female Weaknesses, Excesses, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation & Piles.

HUNT'S REMEDY

CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts directly and at once on the Kidneys, Liver, and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action. HUNT'S REMEDY is a safe, sure, and speedy cure, and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die. Do not delay, try at once HUNT'S REMEDY.

Send for Pamphlet to

HUNT'S REMEDY CO.,

Providence, R. I.

Prices, 75 cents and \$1.25. Large size the cheapest. Ask your druggist for HUNT'S REMEDY. Take no other.

AGENTS wanted for two new fast-selling articles, Samples free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods.

317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

NO MORE RHEUMATISM

Gout, Gravel, Diabetes, The Vegetal Salicylates, celebrated French cure (within four days). Only harmless specifics proclaimed by science. Box, \$1. Book and references free. L. PARIS, only agent, 102 W. 14th St., N. Y., and 1919 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

SILK PATCHWORK. Send 50c. for package of Crazy Patchwork, or 10c. for 20 samples. L. G. FOWLER & Co., New Haven, Ct.

FREE THERMOMETER & BAROMETER. FREE. This beautiful instrument will accurately foretell the changes in the weather 48 hours in advance, and will indicate the changes of temperature. This instrument is built on scientific principles, and pronounced a marvel of beauty and simplicity by every one. It will make a beautiful ornament for any household. Its size is 7½x4½. I will send this beautiful instrument free for four two-cent postage stamps to cover postage. I will also send free an illustrative book containing a choice selection of Sentimental and Humorous Songs, which will be well worth keeping. I send these free simply to introduce my goods to the readers of this paper. Send four two-cent postage stamps to cover postage. Address

FREDERICK LOWEY, 50 Eleventh St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

50 Beautiful Imported Chromo Cards with name in fancy type, 10c. This pack includes all the latest, best and most popular styles ever issued. 11 packs and this Beautiful Seal Ring for \$1. Get 10 of your friends to send with you and then get your own pack and an Elegant Ring Free. Stamps taken. Address

ROYAL CARD CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

60 Beautiful Imported Chromo Cards with name in fancy type, 10c. This pack includes all the latest, best and most popular styles ever issued. 11 packs and this Beautiful Seal Ring for \$1. Get 10 of your friends to send with you and then get your own pack and an Elegant Ring Free. Stamps taken. Address

ROYAL CARD CO., NORTHFORD, CONN.

Brain Food. 664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, New York.

"ECLIPSE" EXTRA DRY.

The wealthy and those of refined tastes need neither French Champagne nor the German or Hungarian varieties; nor need they drink Catawba or charged wines, for the "Eclipse Extra Dry" Champagne, produced of the finest and most delicate grapes in the world, is to-day the most reliable champagne in the market, and all connoisseurs are rapidly discovering this.

Quarts, \$16.50; Pints, \$18.50; delivered free in any part of the United States. Sold by all responsible dealers.

FRED'K WM. LUTTGEN,

SOLE AGENT,

51 Warren Street, New York.

Look at WEST & CO.'s advertisement.

MATRIMONIAL Paper, 10c. a copy by mail. Address, EDITOR, THE MIRROR, Wellesley, Mass.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY Good News LADIES!

Get up Orders for our CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES, and secure a beautiful MOSS ROSE or GOLD-BAND CHINA TEA-SET (4 pieces), our own importation. One of these beautiful china sets given away to the party sending an order for \$25. This is the greatest inducement ever offered. Send in your orders and enjoy a cup of GOOD TEA or COFFEE, and at the same time procure a HAND-SOME CHINA TEA-SET. No humbug. Good Teas, 30c., 35c. and 40c. per lb. Excellent Teas, 50c. and 60c., and very best from 65c. to 90c. When ordering, be sure and mention what kind of Teas you want—whether Oolong, Mixed, Japan, Imperial, Young Hyson, Gunpowder or English Breakfast. We are the oldest and largest Tea Company in the business. The reputation of our house requires no comment. N. B.—We have just imported some very fine WHITE GRANITE DINNER SETS, 115 pieces, which we give away with Tea and Coffee orders of \$40 and upwards. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,

31 and 33 Vesey Street,

P. O. Box 289,

NEW YORK.

C. WEIS, Manufacturer of Vienna, Meerschaum Pipes, 1875, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 Broadway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St. and Vienna. Raw meerschaum & amber for sale.

CONSERVATORY.

MUSIC, ART, ELOCUTION, LITERATURE, LANGUAGES, PHYSICAL CULTURE, TUNING PIANOS AND ORGANS. HOME FOR LADY STUDENTS. NEXT TERM BEGINS FEB. 11. REGISTER NOW. E. TOURJEE, FRANKLIN SQUARE, BOSTON.

DUPLEX CORSET

Manufactured only by the BORTHEM MFG CO. Why these corsets have conquered all competitors. They are adjustable over the hips by strap and buckle, and can be made to fit any form instantly. They have no bones to break over the hips. They are made with double seam, and will not rip. They have double bones and double steels. Money refunded for any corset not satisfactory. Beware of imitations and infringements. Be sure the word DUPLEX is on every corset. The great popularity of the Celebrated Duplex Corset has tempted unprincipled manufacturers to sell worthless imitations. We shall prosecute all such manufacturers and dealers selling such infringements to the full extent of the law. For sale by all dealers in Corsets.

EUROPE EDUCATIONAL EXCURSIONS

1884 Combining Unequaled Advantages. Send for Descriptive Circular, Free. Register early. E. TOURJEE, Franklin Sq., Boston.

Send 50c. or \$1.00 for a package of assorted SILKS for CRAZY PATCHWORK; a large variety of styles, colors and shades. Samples 12c. Any one sending a \$1.50 order will give a lovely block all pieced and embroidered, Free. Block alone sent for 30c. Ludington & Woodward, New Haven, Ct.

JAPANESE PATCHWORK. Elegant Silks in 50c. & \$1 pkgs. MANHATTAN SILK CO., New York, N. Y.

HELP Wanted—Men, Women, Boys & Girls, can start a new light & easy business in their own towns. The work can be done quietly at home in daytime or evening—no peddling necessary—the industry honorable and will bring in more money in 20 days than anything advertised. You can easily make 10c. to \$1 an hour, or \$5 to \$15 a day if you start right. "The Secret Revealed," "What I want you to do," and 20 samples to commence work on, by return mail, FREE. Send 10 cts. for postage and printing, and Address H. G. FAY, Rutland, Vermont.

SICK Persons enclosing stamp can obtain our Oxygen Manual of 120 pages, containing 4 colored plates, 4 engravings, free by addressing DR. PEIRO, 83 Madison St., CHICAGO.

FREE. Fine Jewelry, to introduce goods. Agent's outfit free. RIGGS & Co., 733 B'dway, N. Y.

HUBERT GEENEN'S BOTANIC HAIR WASH

Checks the falling out of the Hair, promotes its growth and keeps the scalp free from dandruff; has been in use for the past twenty years. Seventy-five cents per bottle. HUBERT GEENEN, Importer of French Human Hair Goods, 69 West 19th Street, corner of Sixth Avenue, New York.

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber PT'g Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Composed of the Nerve-Giving Principles of Ox-Brain and Wheat-Germ.

Those who suffer from sleeplessness, nervous prostration, debility, worry or excessive mental toil, can be almost immediately relieved by taking the special nerve-food VITALIZED PHOSPHITES. It aids wonderfully in the bodily and mental growth of children. For years it has been used by all the best physicians for the cure of nervous and mental disorders. By druggists or mail, \$1. Formula on every label.

F. CROSBY CO.,

664 and 666 Sixth Avenue, New York.

HAIR

Possesses a vitality of its own that often outlives the rest of the physical organism. More frequently, however, either through disease, inherent weakness, or age, it falls off, turns gray, or fades early.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Cures the diseases of the scalp and hair; strengthens hair that is naturally weak; nourishes and invigorates torpid hair roots, causing a new, vigorous, and luxuriant growth of hair on bald heads; and restores pristine freshness, color, and lustre to faded and gray hair.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is also a

Toilet Luxury

Superior to all other preparations for the dressing of the hair. It imparts pliancy, silken softness, lustre and luxuriance of growth, and not only cures Scald Head, Itching Humors, Tetter Sores, Dandruff, etc., but averts them, and prevents the hair falling off and turning gray.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists.

H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS

ROOFING, BOILER COVERINGS, Steam Packings, Mill Board, Gaskets, Sheathings, Fire-proof Coatings, Cements, &c. SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE PRICE-LIST.

H. W. Johns Mfg Co., 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

TAKE NOTICE.

For 50 cts. (in stamps) 200 Elegant Scrap Pictures. No two alike. F. WHITING, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

GOSSAMER GARMENTS FREE!

To any reader of this paper who will agree to show our goods and try to influence sales among friends, we will send postpaid two full-sized Ladies' Gossamer Rubber Waterproof Garments as samples, provided you cut this out and return with 25cts. to pay cost, postage, etc. EMPIRE MFG. CO., Williamsburg, N. Y.

30 DAYS' TRIAL FREE!

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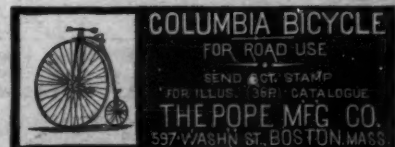
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